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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855.

REVIEWS

Report of the Commissioners for the Investigation of alleged Cases of Torture, in the Madras Presidency. Submitted to the Right Hon. the Governor in Council of Fort St. George, on the 16th of April, 1855. With Appendices. Madras, printed at the Fort St. George Gazette Press.

In the pride and excitement of conquest, or the enjoyment of its more substantial fruits, nations are but too apt to overlook the obligations which it imposes. It is viewed in a purely material light. The nation looks with easy complacency on the new province to which its arms have been carried, and balances in the public ledger the cost of the war with the advantages which it seems to have secured. *Te Deums* are sung, illuminations are ordered, salutes are fired, the nine-days' wonder passes, and men sit down once more in the old routine, unreflecting, uninquiring, unconscious of any new relation induced by the great events which they have just been celebrating. Nevertheless, there is no more certain principle of public morality than that conquest not only does not extinguish right, but that it even creates new and well-defined obligations. The new ruler succeeds not alone to the authority, but also to the duties, of him whom he has displaced.

How little we have thought in England, while we have been adding million after million to the overgrown population, and province after province to the unwieldy bulk, of our Eastern Empire, of the fearful responsibilities which we have thus been heaping up for ourselves, the startling Report just issued from the Government Press at Madras is, we fear, but one of many evidences.

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons during the session before last on the state of the Madras Presidency, it was alleged by several Members that, in the collection of the land-tax (which in that Presidency was described as excessive), it was the ordinary practice of the native officials to resort to torture, and torture of a most disgraceful and revolting description. This allegation was received with professions of amazement and incredulity by the Home Government, and the President of the Board of Control only abstained from giving it a positive denial because "he had then heard it for the first time." He undertook, nevertheless, that inquiry should be instituted;—and the volume now before us is the result.

Now, notwithstanding the painful surprise which the charge created when brought forward in Parliament, we regret to say that it is by no means a novel one. Many writers on India, as Mill, Norton, Shore, and others, have alluded to it. The *Calcutta Review* has discussed it more than once; and, above all, it has formed the subject of repeated Minutes, Orders in Council, and other official papers during the last fifty years; and it speaks little for the efficiency of our Indian Government, that not only the home officials, but even the Governor of the Madras Presidency himself (as appears from the very Minute in which the inquiry was ordered), should have been ignorant of what is now proved to have been a matter of frequent occurrence throughout the entire Presidency. It is satisfactory to think, however, that the inquiry, when it was at last ordered, appears to have been, as far as it went, a very honest and searching one, and to have afforded a fair opportunity of testing the statements made in Parliament, at least in all their substantial particulars. Three gentlemen of undoubted ability and integrity were appointed as Commissioners; returns were

ordered from all the officers of the civil and criminal departments; ample publicity was given to the nature, objects, and powers of the Commission by means of notifications in all the various languages of the Presidency, which were circulated extensively through each locality; and all complaints, whether written or verbal, which were preferred before the Commissioners, were carefully and impartially sifted in an open court held at Madras. Much more, no doubt, might have been done by carrying the inquiry into the various localities instead of holding the court exclusively at Madras; but enough has transpired to reveal a state of things which must fill every right-minded Englishman with shame, and we may almost add remorse, and which calls from the Commissioners themselves "a sweeping declaration of their belief in the general existence of torture for revenue purposes" throughout the Presidency of Madras.

Many of the details revealed in the course of the inquiry are too disgusting to be alluded to; but it is a duty to our fellow-subjects in India, and indeed to humanity itself, to present, at least in summary, the leading results of this remarkable inquisition, as they are embodied in the careful and candid Report of the Commissioners.

The notification of the intended sittings of the Commission called out no less than 519 personal complaints, (in some of which the complainants were obliged to travel 300, 400, and in one case 1,000 miles,) and 1,440 letters. A considerable proportion of both classes of complaints were, as might naturally be expected, irrelevant—some of them ludicrously so—to the real objects of the Commission; but above 300 of the personal charges, and a much larger number of the incalculatory letters, were found to contain grave matter for investigation.

The Report of the Commission, however, is not founded exclusively upon these complaints. The Commissioners applied themselves to six different sources of information:—to the Minutes or other official records of former proceedings bearing upon the question; to the returns made by the collectors and other civil officers by order of the Government; to the testimony of disinterested eye-witnesses of the practice of torture; to the evidence of the actual sufferers themselves; to the confessions and admissions voluntarily made by the native officials under a promise of impunity; and lastly, to the criminal calendars containing records of cases in which the alleged use of torture had been made the subject of judicial investigation. From a consideration of the whole of these, the Commissioners "have been necessitated to come to the only conclusion which they believe any impartial minds could arrive at,—namely, that personal violence, practised by the Native Revenue and Police Officials, generally prevails throughout the Presidency, both in the collection of revenue and in police cases," although they are bound to state their opinion that "the practice has of late years been steadily decreasing, both in severity and extent."

A very nice distinction has been taken by some of the officials, in their returns furnished by order of the Government. They admit the use of "personal violence," but object to allow its being called "torture." Let the reader judge for himself the value of this reservation, when he shall have read the Commissioners' enumeration of the various forms of "personal violence" which have come before them in the course of their inquiry. The descriptions of violence commonly used in the collection of revenue, (suppressing some which are too indecent for publication) are, "keeping a man in the sun; preventing his going to meals, or other

calls of nature; preventing cattle from going to pasture by shutting them up in the house; quartering a peon (policeman) on the defaulter, who is obliged to pay him his daily wages; the use of the *Kittie*; *Anundal*; squeezing the crossed fingers with the hands; pinches on the thighs; slaps; blows with fist or whip; running up and down; twisting the ears; making a man sit on the soles of his feet with brickbats behind his knees; striking two defaulters' heads against each other, or tying them together by their back hair; placing in the stocks; tying the hair of the head to a donkey's or buffalo's tail; placing a necklace of bones or other degrading or disgusting materials round the neck; and occasionally, though very rarely, more severe discipline still."

The *Kittie*, which is one of the devices named above, is an instrument "consisting of two sticks tied together at one end, between which the fingers are placed, as in a lemon-squeezer;" and, as the use of this instrument was denied by some of the witnesses, the Commissioners add, that, even when the *Kittie*, properly so called, is not employed, an equal amount of bodily pain must be produced by the practice which sometimes supersedes it—of "compelling a man to interlace his fingers, the ends being squeezed by the hands of peons, who occasionally introduce the use of sand to gain a firmer grip; or making a man place his hand flat upon the ground, and then pressing downward, at either end, a stick placed horizontally over the back of the sufferer's fingers."

The *Anundal* is a still more characteristic form of torture, though it varies very much in its details. It consists in tying a man down in a bent position, either with his own cloth or by a rope passed over his head and under his toes, with the ingenious addition of a heavy stone laid on his back, varied occasionally by the peons sitting astride upon him! Sometimes, moreover, the unhappy victim is compelled, in this position, to stand upon one leg, "the other being held up from the ground by means of a string passing round the neck, and fastened to the great toe." Mr. Simpson, a merchant of Tripasoor, saw at least a dozen ryots (cultivators) undergoing this ordeal together, under the meridian sun, in the hottest season of the year, at Burdwall, in the Cuddapah district. So late as May, 1853, Mr. Willey, assistant overseer of the Godavery division, saw a man, at Kankaranporoo, "tied in a sitting posture, with a stone in each of his hands, the palms upwards, in a line with his shoulder." Another unfortunate wretch, by an ingenious combination of both forms of torture, was placed in the sun, with a *kittie* applied to his hands, and his head tied down to his feet, for four Indian hours! Another, placed similarly in the sun, had his head tied down, was beaten with a whip, his thighs pinched, seemingly with a *kittie*, stones being put in to make the pain more excruciating. Others are kept in this stooping posture, by the peons holding their heads down by the hair, while a peon sits astride upon their back. Others are lifted off the ground, and held aloft by the ears, by the moustache, or by the hair. Others are forced to run up and down in the sun till their strength is utterly exhausted. Sometimes a biting insect (as the carpenter beetle) is confined in a cocoa-shell, and applied to a sensitive part of the person;—sometimes the arms or thighs are seared with a hot iron;—sometimes a coir rope is twisted tightly about the arm or leg, and then wetted with cold water, so as to contract to a degree utterly beyond endurance!

Of the use of all these forms of torture in connexion with the collection of the land-tax or

of some of the corrupt and illegal demands of the collectors themselves, the evidence laid before the Commission, and submitted in the Appendix of its Report, furnishes the most painfully convincing proofs. It is not alleged that such practices are ever resorted to by the European officials, or employed by their direction, or with their sanction, or even with their knowledge. On the contrary, all approach to such practices is prohibited by law, and is punishable as a criminal offence. But there exists a feeling deeply rooted, and, it may be feared, but too strongly borne out by experience, that, even whilst reprobation of such practices forms a leading principle of official discipline, it is, nevertheless, practically futile to hope for redress in case of its infringement. The Commissioners themselves, in the conclusion of the examination of the criminal records of all the cases in which such complaints have been brought to trial, declare that they are "far from being convinced that the result of these trials has been in accordance with the truth"; and, even if it were so, they regard the punishment, in case of conviction, as infinitely out of proportion with the moral magnitude of the offence. And what is far more effectual in preventing all chance of redress, this conviction is so strongly impressed on the minds of the wretched victims themselves, that hardly any one will venture on the all-but hopeless experiment of a complaint, especially with the certainty that the attempt to seek redress at the hands of the Europeans will be sure to make him a marked man among the native officials.

Strange as it may appear that such practices on the part of the native officials could be concealed from their European superiors, the Commissioners entertain no doubt of the fact; and, indeed, some of the modes of applying torture, so as to avoid detection by the discovery of its traces upon the person, are too shockingly indecent to admit of even an allusion to their nature. The great source of impunity for the officials, however, lies in the degraded and prostrate condition of the natives,—too feeble to use even the energy of complaint.

Nevertheless, of the existence and the prevalence of these hateful practices no possible doubt can henceforth be entertained. Positively as it was discredited by the home officials, and even by the supreme Governor of the Presidency himself, some of the officers appealed to for returns express their astonishment that its prevalence should ever have been called in question. Three native collectors of revenue, J. D. Bourdillon, collector of Arcot, A. Tirvenatcacharry, Head Sheristadar at Madras, and a third, whose name is not made public, avow, without hesitation, on their own part and that of their fellows, the frequency of the practice, which they evidently regarded as a part of the every-day routine of office. Instances are cited in the Appendix of criminal returns, in which prisoners convicted in court claimed an exemption from punishment on the ground that "every one did the same." European officers, missionaries, surgeons, speak to the facts which they themselves witnessed.

But by far the most painful evidence of the existence of the practice, and of the hopelessness of redress from the European officials, is to be found in the simple narrative of their wrongs contained in the numerous complaints of the native sufferers embodied in the Appendix to the Report:—complaints of actual torture inflicted upon them, for the purpose either of compelling payment of the land-tax or of extorting consent to the yearly assessment, or, in very many instances, of enforcing the illegal and corrupt demands of the officials themselves, whether of money payments or of

still more revolting compliances. To these narratives we consider it a duty to call the attention of all who feel concern for British honour. The existence under British rule of such a system as they reveal, is a blot upon the national character. A few specimens must suffice.

In the month of April, 1854, Kistna Pillay, from whom a balance of 5 rupees (10s.) was claimed, and who refused to pay, because he alleged that he had already paid the entire land-tax of the year, was put in *anundal* (the torture already described) with his own cloth, his thighs beaten, and his fingers tortured with the *kittee*.—Soobooroya Pillay, who owed a balance of 15 rupees (30s.) out of his year's land-tax of 240 rupees (24*l.*) was tied in a stooping position, beaten with a whip, and pinched in the thighs.—Naugun Chaloovun, for refusing to pay an illegal claim of *ten annas* (*fifteen pence*), was placed in the sun, with his head tied down to his feet, a stone being laid on his back, and the *kittee* applied to his fingers. —Vyapoory Goundon, because he resisted a similar illegal claim of 10 rupees, was lifted from the ground by the ears, and threatened with deprivation of his land.—Parasoorama Gramy was subjected to *anundal* for three days, and detained a prisoner for forty-five.—Thumbee Moodely, a lad of eighteen and the son of a widow, was, for a balance of land-tax of 15 rupees, tortured with the *kittee*, and received a dozen lashes.—Cau-lathie Moodely, although he had paid his own tax, was beaten by the peons till he paid the tax due by one of his neighbours. Other villagers, for refusing to sell their land to a European, were tied with ropes, in a bent posture, with a large stone (some of the witnesses say that these stones weigh 12 or 14 lb.) laid on their backs for four hours; the torture being repeated four several times. In another case the same torture was applied to the whole body of the villagers for three months, in order to enforce payment of the tax, from which they claimed exemption on account of the failure of their crops; and in these cases, even the women were subjected to ill-treatment, being beaten and tortured by the application of the *kittee* to their breasts. A young widow, named Baulambal, who had resisted the brutal solicitations of one of the officials, was soon afterwards arrested on a charge of theft, and an attempt was made to force a confession from her. On her protesting her innocence, she was dragged by the hair into a room, and her arms being tied together, she was suspended by a rope passed under them, and the *kittee* applied to both her breasts (a cloth being stuffed into her mouth to drown her cries) until she fainted!

In most of these cases we find the painful confession: "We did not complain. What is the use of a poor man like me complaining to the gentlemen? Who will hear us? It is not usual to complain in such cases, for who will hear?"

In the atrocious case last cited, though the marks of violence still remained on the poor woman's person, and were examined by an English surgeon, the charge was dismissed, the chief offender being a "respectable person"!

We may add, that the complaints from which the above are but a specimen fill nearly 200 pages of the Appendix. We trust that the publication of these facts will render it impossible to delay longer the thorough reform of a system under which such revolting practices could be tolerated for a day. It is idle to speak of petty details of remedial legislation. There must be a sweeping reform of the scheme of revenue in which these evils originate, and of the system of administration under which it is collected. Nor can we accept the plea which is

put forward on behalf of the higher authorities, that these practices have been carried on with their knowledge and against their will. Such a plea may possibly exempt individuals from actual criminality. But, on the part of a great Government it is highly discreditable. It amounts, in fact, to one or other of two almost equally dishonouring avowals:—the avowal of connivance or of incompetency.

The Ins and Outs of Paris; or, Paris by Day and Night. By Julie de Marguerittes. Philadelphia, Smith.

Anne de Montmorency was a Baron with a strong arm and very unfeminine ways; and if we are to judge from the style and contents and morals of this book, we should be compelled to conclude that Julie de Marguerittes is an author of the male gender, and full of coarse ideas, to which he is not afraid to give as coarse expression. The dedication, however, is addressed to Marie and Nöémie de Marguerittes, whose mother, the authoress, ventures to hope that they will read her book "some years hence." We can only say that Julie's "darlings" cannot defer the treat too long, and that when they do venture thereon they will find small pleasure and little profit in the pursuit. Their mother evidently ranks among the "strong-minded" women of America; and of her, as far as this book enables us to judge, the last thing that could be said is, "Ah, qu'elle est douce la Marguerite!"

The volume may very well have been written, as many descriptions of travel have been, without the author having visited the scenes described. It reads like a compilation from old guide-books of the times of Louis the Eighteenth, and more modern Letters, whose writers have mystified their Philadelphia correspondent. Thus, we find the grave assertion, that "no Parisian of distinction ever dines at a *table d'hôte*"; and that "to English people, of any position, it is especially repulsive." Equally instructive is it to be told that, on the *Boulevard des Capucines* "is the Hotel of Foreign Affairs,"—an assertion against which Alphonse Giroux would protest loudly. Still more astounding is the information that the "temporary theatre of the Porte St. Martin was built in six weeks, to receive the Opera when the Duke de Berri's assassination desecrated the other, and which, slightly as it has been put up, has now lasted nearly thirty-five years,"—the truth being, that when the Palais Royal Opera-house was destroyed by fire in June, 1781, Lenoir de Romain was employed to construct a temporary edifice on the uncleared ground near the Porte St. Martin, and that he accomplished his task,—the house being completed and embellished within seventy-five days, and duly opened on the 25th of October, 1781. It is seventy-four instead of thirty-five years old. The temporary house built after the destruction of the old theatre, at the doors of which the Duke de Berri was murdered in 1820, was, and is, in the Rue Lepelletier. This last was not very hurriedly built; yet so confusedly, that the architect could find room in the front for only eight Muses, in place of the legitimate nine!

Julie further tells us that it is still the custom for the boys of Paris to call insultingly after the English, "for," says she, "the *gamin* has not heard of the alliance of France and England, nor of the taking of Sebastopol," as if the *gamins* were literally the Know-Nothings instead of, as they are, the Know-Everythings, of all that is passing that has any connexion with, at least, the glory of France. That Julie herself knows little of the subject upon which she presumes to write is manifest from her praise of "the Tuilleries garden, with its soft green turf,"—a garden where there is not a blade of grass for

the foot of a promenader to rest upon, wherethere is infinitely more dust than delight, and where "the thick foliage of the flowering chestnuts" is of a permanent drab colour, and without a leaf to cast a shadow, by Michaelmas-day! When the sentinels at the different gates present arms to a passing officer, Julie assures us that they "add 'Bon jour, mon officier!' to their salutation,"—a familiarity which may suit the Philadelphia Militia, but which is altogether foreign to the military discipline of France. The Lady is quite as far from the truth when she makes fully detailed record of the intrigues of which the Tuilleries are the public stage. There she brings ladies in disguise, repeats much of what is said by them and the swains they encounter; declares that these immoral proceedings go on from seven to twelve; that the ladies are supposed to be at the bath, and that in this way "the proprieties are observed, the husband satisfied, and all is right!" As she claims especial merit for being enabled to recount to her "darlings" what so few, as she fancies, have the opportunity to witness, the inner life of Paris, Julie affects here to speak with authority. She is clearly entirely ignorant of that of which she pretends to know most. It is due to her, however, to say that she endeavours to be correct, so far as she can be so by being contradictory. Thus, after revealing the intrigues of French ladies of rank, she takes occasion to add—perhaps inadvertently—that, above all things, these ladies love the sacred calm of home, and if they cherish one thing more than another, it is the practice of virtue, and of fidelity towards the husbands who, as she elsewhere says, are so easily "satisfied" with their wives' version of the matutinal visits to the bath. But what folly may not be expected from a writer who ventures to affirm that, when the son of Napoleon the First was residing at Vienna, he was "ignorant of the love that had tended and watched his infancy, and of the blood that flowed in his veins!"

We have said that much of the volume looks as if it were compiled from guide-books of the era of Louis the Eighteenth. A proof of this may be found in the assertion that, "in one corner, near the Quay, those most primitive of all conveyances, known as 'cuckoos,' wait, their vociferous drivers soliciting you to go with them to Passy, Auteuil, St.-Cloud, or Versailles." A traveller describing England might as well say that the Bath coaches start from Hatchett's, and that there is pleasant riding in "the basket." We may add, that the Lady does not leave the "cuckoos" at the corner of the *Place Louis XV.* without an account of the disaster which occurred there on the occasion of the rejoicings for the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette. She sets down the number of "corses" at indefinite "thousands." The fact is, that 133 dead bodies were picked up on the "Place," and 300 is supposed to be the total number of those who perished. Julie is quite as incorrect when she asserts that after the Restoration the Bourbon royal family never traversed this ill-fated square, wherein Louis the Sixteenth and his consort were executed. Our own eyes and memories are evidences to the contrary. She adds, that when the Duchess of Angoulême passed near it, that royal lady "closed her eyes, that she might not behold the spot where all she loved was slaughtered." The carriage of the Duchess certainly used to make a *détour* to avoid passing the precise locality whereon her parents perished; but we have seen her, very many times, passing within sight of the spot, and that, not only with her eyes wide open, but with a smile, somewhat grave, perhaps, of aspect, for all who offered her homage as she drove by.

Julie further speaks of Frenchmen carrying babies, —a condescension of which no French father has been guilty in public,—probably since Abelard carried his own young Astrolabe along the river-side. The assertion that the streets of the Faubourg St.-Germain are with "no side walk" belongs again to the era of the Bourbon guide-books; and the ample details touching love-making, marrying, and the circumstances which precede and follow the ceremony have more reference to the times of Pigtault le Brun than to those of the second Empire, where there is as much honest, hearty wooing, between young couples, as may be found in any country where marriage is the result of affection. On this subject, however, the authoress is great; and Julie thus writes for the future edification of the Maries and Nöemies who are to study her book "some years hence":—"Marriage is a lottery,—why not let Chance draw your lot, rather than yourself shake the bag, and bring up blank? Do you know more of a pretty girl's temper after a month's flirtation—excepting that she is susceptible of flirting—that blind Chance? who, being blind, may perhaps endow you with a prize." Surely, this is an excerpt from the papers of the deceased Sieur de Marguerittes!

We should be inclined to suspect that very much of this volume is the product of, so to speak, a male pen. The hilarious accounts of the students and the grisettes cannot be built, we should think, upon a Lady's experience. Even if she were to answer with a "*quorum pars fui,*" we should still hold that such information was hardly worth preserving for the enlightenment of the "darlings," Marie and Nöemie, "some years hence." We are certain that the Philadelphians will share in our opinion. Such details, however sparkling, by a mother are in discord with the high-toned dedication to the daughters. The two remind us of what Julie herself remarks at page 101:—"The orchestra of the *Grand Opéra* is the finest in the world; so is the singing—only, they don't go well together." As for this tender mother's description of the ballet,—"the white arms, small feet, and slim ankles,"—and the "No wonder the side-boxes fill,"—let us hope that all this too is from the papers of the late M. de Marguerittes; and that from the same source are derived the highly-coloured details of life with the French gentlemen of the press. They are *gaillard*, but not correct.

We must close the volume of Julie de Marguerittes, though we have not gone half through its impertinencies, coarseness, and contradictions. It has less to say of that touching which it professes to be able to say most—of really private life in France—than of any other subject. On the other hand, it enlarges on all matters which have been discussed by passing visitors and resident "Hermits," before the time of the present author. The most singular portion of the book is a defence of Paul de Kock, in a note by the Philadelphian publisher, wherein we are told that Paul is not the author of works which pass in Philadelphia as his,—which may or may not be true,—and also that, though he wrote of common life, he was not an impure writer! We have noticed the author's contradictions. The most glaring example is when she speaks of the Americans as getting into far better society in Paris than the English,—after telling us that the French know so little of the Americans that they believe them all to be black! The author does not lack ability, but good taste; perhaps, we should say *the authors*, for, as we have before remarked, we cannot fancy that all the incidents are told upon a Lady's experience, or even related, upon hearing say, by a Lady's pen. The result, however, is

a volume of very high pretensions, *some* amusement, and little merit.

Williamite and Jacobite Wars in Ireland. By Robert Cane, M.D. Parts I. and II. Dublin, Hennessy.

MUCH still remains to be done before we can boast of a complete historical illustration of the seventeenth century. The biographies of many of its most eminent characters are far from being satisfactory, and even the general history of the last quarter of the century, in spite of all that has been written, is not sufficiently full. Scotch and Irish affairs of that time have never received an historical treatment commensurate with their importance. The memorable struggle between William of Orange and the House of Stuart in Ireland, is as fine a subject for an historian's pen as can well be proposed.

The author of the work before us is apparently not very familiar with the literary materials open to him for consultation; and it is a defect in his work, so far as it has yet gone, that he does not seem to have any original papers or knowledge at his command. He has composed his narrative out of the volumes ordinarily to be found in every historical library. His mode of looking on his subject may be described as the point of view visible to a retrospective "Young Irishman,"—and there are traces in his style of having been influenced by the intellectual, though passionate, "nationality" of the late Thomas Davis. Yet Dr. Cane is more liberal and less insular in his appreciation of the English politics of that time than the Young Irishmen, while his sympathies as a Catholic are also more active. He wishes to tell the truth; and he has the generosity to appreciate heroism and virtue in the cause to which his traditional prejudices are opposed. In his style he is clear and eloquent, with no vulgar tirade, though with rather too much of artificial rhetoric. In his political reflections there is often more of the special pleader than of the philosopher,—but there are both vigour and point in his polemical sophistry.

At the present time the subject of this publication derives additional interest, as Mr. Macaulay will have to treat of it at full length in his forthcoming volumes. It would have been, perhaps, more judicious if Dr. Cane had deferred his work until he saw Mr. Macaulay's narrative of the same events before him. The struggle in Ireland was, certainly, an interesting one, and Dr. Cane has well indicated its antagonistic points. As a specimen of the vigour of his description, we shall cite his account of the Irish on the outbreak of the war organized by Tyrconnel.—

"The broad and noble Shannon, rolling from the North through the centre of the kingdom, divided the remainder of the country into two great divisions. West of its waters were gathered the Catholic Celts, the descendants of princes, and their feudal followers—now degenerated into graziers and creaths; and permitted to linger there only because their lands, less fruitful than their original possessions in the north and east, were not considered worth the struggle necessary to win them: for this boundary line of water was in itself a noble fence for a harassed and desperate people, while along its banks frowned gloomy hills, and deep ravines—making steep and difficult fastnesses well suited for the battle-ground between the ruined and desperate native and his ruthless and plundering oppressors. East of this boundary were most of the then principal towns of Ireland, walled and fortified according to the military notions of the country and the time, and within those walls were to be found the merchants, the traders, and the artizans, who, differing in religion and politics, yet toiled side by side in the common pursuits of life. Recently the municipalities had, under James's charters, been made Catholic; so that the governing powers in the principal corporate

towns were of that faith. Still it might be said the people of the North were English and Scotch Protestant settlers; east of the Shannon they were English and Irish, Protestant and Catholic; while west of that noble river, the true Celts, the mere Irish and Catholic, with scarcely any admixture of other race or creed, held almost undisputed possession; and with hearts swelling under renewed hopes, were looking across its waters at the rich green fields, once the properties of their fathers, and at the abbeys and graveyards, where reposed the ashes of their ancestors: they were exiles dreaming of their old homes, Catholics yearning after the restoration of the old Faith, and Irishmen thirsting after another blow with England for their lost liberties."

But where we find his work defective is, that he does not reveal to us the internal condition of the Irish Catholics of the time. He does not seem to be aware that there was considerable discord between powerful classes of their body. Dr. Cane has evidently not studied the effect of the Duke of Ormonde's long and able Vice-royalty in Ireland. Ormonde had not dispensed the Cromwellian interest, but, on the other hand, he gave a large toleration to the Catholic body. The cue to understanding his administration of Irish affairs (1661 to 1668) is, that the Catholics were to be tolerated, not persecuted, so long as they were loyal and kept aloof from the intrigues of those whom the late learned librarian at Stowe, Dr. O'Conor, has called in his celebrated "Columbanus" Letters, "the foreign influenced clergy." The result of Ormonde's policy was to create a moderate party amongst the Roman Catholics. He was averse to extreme measures; and one of the objects of Tyrconnel was to mould together in one confederation all the moderate Catholics (or "innocent Papists," as they were then styled in the language of the law).

Dr. Cane wishes to pile a cairn to the memory of Tyrconnel, but we are disappointed at the vagueness and sophistry of his defence of that personage. It is probably quite true that Tyrconnel has suffered from history. Our own Cromwell and other characters of that troubled time were for a long period unjustly under a cloud. But we think Dr. Cane's mode of offering an historical apology extremely injudicious, looking on it even as a piece of advocacy. Thus, for example, the author writes in excuse for Tyrconnel's excessive partizanship:—

"When Tyrconnel arrived in Ireland, he found the whole régime for its government Protestant. A Protestant court, Protestant judges, Protestant officials, and a Protestant army. His business was to make the circle which was to surround James a circle of friends; he knew every man about him, and with a sagacity and a forethought, valuable to himself and his king, he paid these Protestant gentlemen the compliment, judges, couriers, and soldiers, that in a war between the two religions, they would be sincere to their own faith and to a Protestant king, and therefore most unfit and unsafe allies in his efforts to make a Catholic government for a Catholic king in Ireland."

This sarcastic, ironical tone of writing should rarely be admitted into history. But the plea offered by Dr. Cane would go far to justify the extreme views of the high Protestants in Ireland. Dr. Cane states the case between the parties thus:—

"In the North, noiselessly but actively, the partisans of William and the Revolution sought to repair the losses they sustained by Tyrconnel's measures of disarming and disbanding Protestant corps. Swords were sharpened and spears wrought, and powder and fire-arms, of all makes and shapes, were treasured as things of wealth, speedily to be needed; and the sons of men who but fifty years before had worked an English Revolution, now whispered their apprehensions, and confided to each other their stern resolves. In the corporate towns and over the eastern country, regiments of Catholics, officered with men of their own faith, proudly marshalled

before Catholic mayors and sheriffs and municipal bodies, and boastingly proclaimed their hopes and their intentions; while westward, the natives, who, recognized in English history as Rapparees, were to be the guerillas of the coming war, gathered upon the mountains and mustered in the valleys and the bogs, whetting their pikes for work near at hand. Ireland was about to strike again and risk all. Upon the one side, for a Dutchman and Protestantism, for faith, life, and land; upon the other side, for worthless Stuart, but yet a Catholic king, and the free exercise of that Catholic faith for which they had been ever risking and losing all. One deep-thinking man, true to the Catholic king and faith, sought able to restore both; but he had eyed farther into the future than most men; he beheld liberty and independence in the distance, and aimed at it. That man was Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel."

—But Ormonde had for years a similar state of things (or nearly so) to deal with, and so had former Governors of Ireland. The "logic of extremes" is that to which Dr. Cane's mode of thinking on Irish history is most suitable.

A good life of Tyrconnel might be not only an interesting, but even a useful, present to the general reader of history. He has certainly many presumptive claims to be accepted as an historical character. Up to a certain point a contrast might be drawn between him and Claverhouse (Viscount Dundee), both enterprising, audacious, and unscrupulous, capable of performing wonders in trying to retrieve a lost cause—Jacobites on the dynastic question, with extraordinary ardour of temperament, but with little true chivalry of soul. They were both men liable (as their lives show) to be intensely influenced by selfish considerations, but their personal ascendancy, their hardihood of character, and their versatile power of influencing their followers made them truly formidable as insurgent leaders. Tyrconnel had not the military *coup-d'œil* of Claverhouse,—but, on the other hand, he had greater faculties for intrigue in courts, and for managing the miscellaneous elements of a rebellion against existing authority. He had many of the features of a modern Irish "agitator," combined with those of a factionist and a courtier of the seventeenth century. As a descendant of the Norman settlers and as a Roman Catholic, Tyrconnel must have felt no small rage in seeing the soldiery of Cromwell confirmed in their estates by Ormonde; and the fact that Tyrconnel had been an eye-witness in his early days to the awful proceedings at the Siege of Drogheda lends much dramatic force to his career. If properly handled, his story might be made vividly picturesque, and yet faithful to history; but we are no more inclined to accept the special pleading of Dr. Cane on his behalf; than we are to indorse Mr. Macaulay's portrait of him as being close and faithful to the character of the man.

One of the great defects of Irish history, considered in a purely literary point of view, is that it is not painted out enough. The "Rapparees" of Ireland would have certainly drawn forth more than one romance if a poetical spirit of inventive genius, with minute knowledge of the people and their traditions, (like Walter Scott) had existed in Ireland. The author of this history thus alludes to the "Rapparees" after their attempted disbandment by James.—

"Conscious of his utter inability to maintain such an army as Tyrconnel had enrolled, and as was certainly necessary for the serious struggle about to be begun, he resolved to reduce them within more economical dimensions, and to a number suited to the quantity of arms he had in store. Accordingly, this immense Irish army, with which he might have swept the land before him, even though three-fourths of them were but armed with the rapparee short pike, which James described as 'long sticks tipped with iron,' was disbanded and broken. But the

men, whose hearts had been bent upon sharing in the fight, took their own measures and their own position, and became those irregular troops of the country, well remembered in history and tradition as the 'Wild Rapparees.' They harassed many a Williamite camp and store—cutting off videttes and outposts—slaughtering stragglers—and using their skeins and rapparees, sometimes in fair and gallant fight, sometimes staining them with cold and brutal crime. James lost them as regular forces, but he did not relieve the country from their burden, for they quartered themselves upon friends and enemies, and made a terrible name."

In the later edition of his collected works, Sir Walter Scott has candidly observed, that much of the success of his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' might be attributed to the fact that natural antipathies between England and Scotland had been smoothed down. If his book had appeared in the days of Wilkes, Churchill, and Lord Bute, it might, perhaps, not have had a fair hearing. To some extent polemical feelings still interfere with the due appreciation of the rich mine of history that remains for working out in the Irish soil.

Only two parts—120 pages—of the present history have been yet published. It is well that all sides of the "Williamite Wars" in Ireland should be heard; but the author of this work should search for more original matter. Skilful presentation of what has been long known is not enough to support claims as an historian. There must be decisive clearings-up of doubts, and detailed elucidation of ambiguous passages, along with some originality of materials. These are wanted in the present history, but it is able (though one-sided) as far as it has gone. Without accepting his conclusions, we can feel interest in the author's narrative; and amidst the presence of many insular prejudices, we can recognize abilities superior to many of his predecessors in the same field, though excelled by some of them in minuteness of information. It is still open to himself to supply some of the wants in his performance. The engravings which accompany the work are of a very inferior class of Art, and ought to be omitted.

The Mystic; and other Poems. By Philip James Bailey. Chapman & Hall.

The intellectual progress of the author of 'Festus' is a subject of curious interest. The fifth edition of that poem—which now lies upon our table—testifies that real poetical power, however obscured by defects of diction, and even by an infinity of grotesque and perplexing oddities, can yet find its way to the popular heart. Still no one can read 'Festus,' or indeed any of Mr. Bailey's poems, without feeling an ardent longing that a poetical faculty so unquestionable could be emancipated from the beggarly wittes and bands which bind it down to earth. Delighted as we are with occasional passages of obvious and simple beauty, we are far more frequently grieved by incongruities and affectations; and the latter are all the more offensive because there runs throughout Mr. Bailey's poetry a religious creed so solemn and so beautiful that every one must be pained to find it in such mean alliance. His 'Angel of the World' was in this respect but little improvement upon 'Festus';—'The Mystic' shows, we fear, that Mr. Bailey's defects are becoming confirmed by time. But he shall speak for himself. 'The Mystic' opens thus:—

Who holds not life more yearful than the hours
Since first into this world he wept his way,
Erreth much, may be. Called of God, man's soul
In patriarchal periods, comethie,
Ranger perchance all spheres successive; and in each,
With nobler powers endowed and senses new,
Set season bideth. So with him, it seemed
Of whom I speak, the initiate of the light,
The adopted of the water and the sun.

Time's sand-dry streamlet through its glassy straits
Flowed ceaseless ; and he lived a threefold life
Through all the ages ; yes, seven times his soul
Comesling, leavened with its light the world.
First in the feasts of life, and the sun's son,
Through all God's homely universe he roamed
Lordly, and spoke to earth the lore of stars,
The mother-tongue of Heaven our Fatherland.
Born to instate mankind in veriest truths,
By nature symbolled in gem, bloom, and wing ;
To give to all the hope of bliss reserved,
And ultimate certainty of angelhood,
He, like a river which through gulleys, rocks,
And deserts runs its purifying race
To Ocean's thrice regenerative depths,
Closes thorough all probation his own path,
And voluntary trod the downward way ;
For they whose eyes by spirit-fire are purged
Move ever up the road to light.

On a celestial gradient, paved with wings;
Disrobed him of all privilege, and alone
Suffered him the dignities yearned for by the mass
But that he might enoble servitude.

The spiritual history of this mysterious being—in whom, if we catch the occult meaning, is symbolized a divinely-instructed soul—forms the subject of the poem. In all the range of thought a theme more dangerous could not have been selected by a poet, who finds depth and grandeur in the vague and the mysterious, and whose daring Muse for ever loves to roam on heights which are far beyond all ordinary mortal ken.

Successive spiritual births and mortal lives, all tending upwards to that communion with “the universal life” which forms, according to Mr. Bailey’s creed, the ultimate destiny of all mankind,—these constitute what may be called the action of ‘The Mystic.’ To follow the poet’s course in an analysis of his poem is beyond our power, but we will extract a few of his descriptive passages. The following describes the gifts heaped on the favoured child of heaven at one of his spiritual births :—

At his birth the starry stamps received,
For every limb held communion with its god,
And planetary gifts plenipotent ;
The moon dispensed him ricles, and the sun
Mind-wealth, that so before his dazed eyne
The splendid spectrum of immortal fame
Perfumed danced ; soul-compulsory power,
The god of psychopompous function, round
Circling the sun with fourfold force ; love’s star
The joys that come with beauteous shapes and eyes
Dewy and blue ; courage the god-star red ;
Supremacy and justice they held
Successive, if usurped sway, o'er the skies.

The form of mysticism which finds delight in a religious solitariness—“attached to things divine alone,”—is thus described.—

He, lion-like within the desert, dwelled
From men apart, and so, intact of soul,
In heart asthetic, continent of thought,
The intelligible luxuries of life.
Shunned ; to a boundless level planed his soul ;
Fasted on fruits ; and out of written frond,
Or flowery chalice, quaffed the fountain free.
By virtue of which liberated state,
Lofty and passionless as date-palm’s bride,
High on the upmost summits of his soul—
Wrought of the elemental light of heaven,
And pure and plastic flame that soul could shew,
Whose nature, like the perfume of a flower
Enriched with aromatic sun-dust, charms
All, and with all ingratiate itself,
Sat dazzling purity ; for loftiest things,
Snow-like, are purest. As in mountain morns
Expectant air the sun-birth, so his soul
Her God into its supra-natural depths
Accepted brightly and sublimely. Vowed
To mystic vision of supernal things ;
Daily endowed with spheres and astral thrones, His, by preemptive right, throughout all time ;
Immersed in his own essence, clarified
From all those rude propensities which rule
Man’s heart, a tyrant mob, and, venal, sell
All virtues, ay the crown of life to what
Passion so’er prospet, worst deludes
Or destitutes, he, death-calm, beheld,
As though through glass of some far sighting tube,
The restful future ; and, consumed in bliss,
In vital and ethereal thought abstract,
The depths of Deity and heights of heaven.

Again, “witting right well what ‘t was to fall from Heaven,” he goes in search of the means whereby “he might win back the death-lost birthright of the skies.” His course is thus described :—

Plunged in primeval darkness he began,
From the first breathings of the universe,
His godlike quest. By all the elements

He was advised and aided. The vast sea
Embraced him of all soil of sin ; the earth
Embraced him as a child in her dark breast,
And of her life the active passion taught ;
Fire lent him torches kindled at the shrine
Of some volcano’s mighty altar, reared
By mightier nature to the almighty sire,
That he might light the holy to their end.

Air gave him access to the gods, and made
Her boundless reaches, rich with ore of light,
Common to man and all divinities ;
The etherial fields of fire impalpable,
Where the pro-kosmial forms of thought abide,
Divine, of God projected, won his soul,
With pure ingenerate beauty, to explore
Mind’s genial mysteries ; their true life alone.

But though all helped him none could satisfy :
The course and destiny of that he sought
Was from him hid in Hades. Many a rite
Mysterious, secret, sacred, night and day,
With numbers, with a winnowed few, alone,
Yea sole, at last, he pressed through, till to him
The sun and moon, the glorious twins of light,
God’s golden seal, God’s silver seal, grew dim
To the self-luminous truth in Hadean halls
Which shined shewed the soul, whose fate he urged,
The bride-queen of the God that sought her love,
And dowered her with Elysium’s diadem.

His guest brings him into the very presence
of Divinity—the centre and source of the uni-
verse. The results are thus described :—

Rapt to the breast of fonal Deity
Heire embraces there received he, both
Adoring and adored, by gods themselves
Worshipped and men, he moved felicitous ;
The radiant serpent nestling in his breast
And twining round his waist, caduceus. Thence
Regenerate, and divergent weal and bale,
Bound to the sovran sceptre still of power,
In the neceasitous knot of life and love
Assigning, godlike to the universe,
Consoeciate of divinity, he viewed,
With starry and all sympathizing eye,
The sublunary realms of deadly life ;
Felt the assimilant influences of heaven
Flash through his soul with lightning joy, and meet
Reply in earth-born fulminations made ;
Saw the preconntion of the whole by God
Within Himself, and ebb of Being’s sea.

Blessed with all visions holy and divine,
Communion holding only with the wise,
Silent in light (the radiant lizard loves
And lives in light, himself all constellate)
With Truth he joyed (as when the moon, disguised
Like naked nymph, her limbs of light revealed
To him, enamoured, on the Latman hill,
Whose touch was inspiration, whose embrase
Deific, seemed absorption into heaven) ;
Abstinent of all matter, every cause
Of mental perturbation, base desire,
Eradicate and razed, the lunar ark
Of pure regeneration awed he viewed ;
Beheld the eternal husbandman of heaven,
Who sowed with star-seed all the soils of space.
Scattering the worlds broad-cast upon his way,
And to that tilt celestial set his hand.

Returning again to earth by another birth, —

Beside
The stream that through the midst the beauteous isle
Disparts, tree hid, tree high (where haply once
The tyrant lion of some cavernous land
To lesser brutes his deathful law dispensed) ;
Or with the jungle monarch, Ivory-tusked
Held thunderous parley by the tidal swamp,
Or where the wave, prophetic and divine
From Bala pours ; or on the far off coasts
Of sacred isle, where lunar mysteries
Are solemnized, as erst, and consummate ;
Or, mid rude dwellings, once the abode of gods
Of hostile faiths, he lowly dwelled, and learned
On his cold knee, before white-bearded Eld,
From Truth’s pale lips her everlasting lay,
And deepest, pitliest lore. For thrice nine years,
Through fits of silence, loneliness, fasting, toll,
He fought the foe of spirit and subdued.
The thriest thinned juices of the all-healing plant,
With moon-dews mingled and eye-brightening charms
The unseen to see, himself invisible ;
Honey, and berries red of the cerise wood,
Oaksorns and apples, roots and wheaten cates,
His fare and bever formed for twice an age,
With amber flowing mead at mooned feasts.

The end of all his study and knowledge being,
that—

The soul regenerate bies to God ;
And as in radical union with the point
Infinite, both in greatness, place and power,
Lives with the maker and the all-made in love.

These extracts exhibit at one view Mr. Bailey’s obvious defects and beauties. Interpolated parenthetical passages create an obscurity which the most skilful reader of the symbolic can scarcely overcome ; whilst words, both old and new, employed in peculiar and unusual senses, add to the difficulty ;—and yet no one can read this or any other of Mr. Bailey’s poems, without ac-

knowledging the energy and earnestness of his expression and the poetical beauty of occasional lines and passages. We will extract a few examples.

The concert of natural sounds.—

Around him lay the great concerted whole ;
The moaning winds and cadent waters, fire
Aspirant, sea bass-toned and reboant earth ;
For only man’s crude ear of discord dreams,
Jarring the orbéd harmonies of heaven.

The power of prayer.—

He to the dimly gleaming shadows taught
A prayer would wring them entrance into bliss,
Like to the magic horn, in faerie halls,
Of blast resistless ; thrice blown, every gate
Of every palace opens like a flower ;
The odorous home of lightness, coolness, warmth.

The superiority of spiritual to earthly pleasure.—

The spirit,
Inured to meditate alone on God,
Pleasure no more can please, finds scant delight
In fragrant fields, groves discontent with heaven ;
Yea, in pure wantonness with terror, tears
The masque material from Time’s phantom face.

Traces of the divine are still to be found in every man.—

And as earth’s thousand seas, streams, lakelets, pools
Their separate image of the star of noon
Hold, though he be but one, so every soul
Its semblance of the One Divine retains
Which all illumines, sweetens all.

Comparison of nymphs to water-lilies.—

And now his limbs imbibed
Amid immortal nymphs, serenely pure,
Like living lilies floating on the tide,
In love with their own shadows, as they lay
Beneath the cooling moon.

Temporal character of Sin and Evil.—

All soul-sin seems a missing of the mark
Resultant from imperfect force or aim.
* * * * *

For evil is temporal only, nor can be
In the divine eternal.

The book of Nature is the book of God, and
is gradually developed at his pleasure.—

The book of nature He himself hath writ
God still delights to read, and star by star
Unfolds the volume of the universe
Fate-clasped ; in time and order by Him fixed.

Harmonious combination of sweet sounds.—

Interdependent harmonies of song,
Gentle and fine as the concurrent curve,
Perpetual, in the orbits of twin stars.

Influence of the cares of life.—

Like Mekkah’s milky stone, which wastes away
Beneath the kiss of worshippers, so life
Darkens and wastes beneath its crowd of cares ;
While Time’s last sands silt up the streams of soul,
Less, gradually decreasing, less and less.

And the conclusion of the whole is, that—

Even as darkness, self impregnated, brings forth
Creative light, and silence speech ; so beams,
Known through all ages, hope and help of man,
One God omnipotent, sole original,
Wise wonder-working wielder of the whole,
Infinite, inconceivable, immense.

The midst without beginning, and the first

From the beginning, and of all Being last.

The other poems included in this volume are, ‘A Spiritual Legend,’—in which the world is supposed to have been formed by angels under Divine permission, and the process of its gradual construction is minutely detailed,—and ‘A Fairy Tale,’ in which a girl passes a hundred years amongst the fairies, and then returns—unconscious that she is aged and wrinkled—to her native place, with results similar to those which befall Rip van Winkle. The former of these two poems displays Mr. Bailey’s knowledge of natural objects—of which it is little more than a poetical catalogue ;—the latter is simple and pretty, but is not of a character to impress any one with the real nature of his genius.

My Exile in Siberia. By Alexander Herzen.

2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

Alexander Herzen is already known to our readers. In January last [ante, p. 7] we translated several passages from his Memoirs,—and noticed the printing-press he had established in Regent’s Square. This circumstance, in addition to the criticism of a French contemporary, has induced him to appeal, in an English trans-

lation, to a larger public. Years ago, he learned the French and German languages that he might put himself *en rapport* with liberal thinkers of the French and German nations; he is now able, at least, to read English, but continues to publish Russian tracts, not for his exiled countrymen alone,—for sheets from the press in Regent's Square find their way even through the political quarantine of the Russian empire, and circulate widely amongst its cities and villages. Thus, M. Herzen is doing a good work,—pouring the intellectual life of the West into the cold and rigid frame of the Northern despotism.

These memoirs of his double exile abound in what may be termed the romance of political life,—for in politics a career of patriotism is the only conceivable romance. M. Herzen, belonging to an honourable family, was barely twenty-one years old when he had numerous admirers, and as many enemies, his enemies including the Czar, whose hatreds radiate through the whole official class, and his admirers numbering those who were attracted by a high spirit and the signs of a pure ambition. At that age he was proscribed, and consequently prohibited from attaching his name to any work. This was to him an indifferent point. Translating "Alexander" into Turkish, he styled himself "Iskander," and was not known the less. To "Iskander" is ascribed the merit of having stimulated with new impulse the political aspirations of the educated classes in Russia. His doctrines, long working in the society of St. Petersburg and Moscow, became a part of the public sentiment,—the more so because their author was persecuted, banished, and driven at length to seek the unconsol'd independence of a refugee. Russia is not the dead mass described by superficial or immoderate writers,—not the hopeless chaos of Tschaadajeff, "with an empty past, an insupportable present, and no future."

The police, breaking into the circle of Herzen's friends in the spring of 1834, warned him that the spy system was only too perfectly organized in the ancient capital of all the Russias. Three months afterwards, in the dead of the night, he awoke to find his father's house guarded by soldiers, while an officer in the saloon desired him to dress, and drive with him "to the nearest police-office." His mother swooning to the floor,—the servants kneeling around and kissing his hands,—the tall soldier, wrapped in a cloak, waiting to lead him away, upon a nameless charge, to an unknown destination,—it seemed as though he were going to his funeral or to the scaffold. He was hurried into the street.—

"Will you now allow me to go home?" asked a man with a beard, who sat before the door.—"Go!" answered Müller.—"Who is that man?" I asked, as I stepped into the carriage.—"That is the jurymen; you know that unless he is present, the police cannot enter a house."

For several months Herzen remained in prison, passed from cell to cell, frequently examined by the superior, and cheated by the inferior, police,—horrified at their brutal treatment of men and women not yet condemned,—and finally sentenced to exile, during the supreme pleasure, in Perm, on the borders of Siberia. His guards occasionally interested him with stories of their career. One, to gratify a jealous officer, had waylaid a beautiful Moldavian girl upon a bridge, seized her, bound her in a sack, and cast her into a river. Another had been shamed out of his duty. Engaged to arrest a Polish proprietor, he had searched his house—which bore traces of recent occupation—from base to roof, but in vain.—

"The officer let both the gendarmes down stairs,

and went once more to the very top of the house. He searched most carefully, and found, at last, a small door which led to a store-room; the door was locked from within; the officer pushed it with his foot, it gave way, and a tall and beautiful woman stood before him. She pointed silently to a man who held a girl of about twelve years of age, nearly insensible in his arms. It was the man they sought for and his family. The officer was confused. The noble-looking woman observed this, and said:—'Can you be cruel enough to ruin them?'—He stammered some excuses, uttered some of the commonplace phrases about duty and unconditional obedience, and at last quite in despair, seeing that his words had not the least effect, said:—'What shall I do?'—The lady looked proudly at him and answered, pointing to the door:—'Go down, and say that nobody is here.'—'I don't know what became of me, and how it happened,' continued the officer, 'but I went down, and left the house with my soldiers; two hours later we were searching most zealously for the proprietor of the estate at another place. He is said to have afterwards escaped, and crossed the frontier.'

At his place of banishment, Herzen was to be admitted into the service of the State, under the surveillance of the local magistrate." On the way, several adventures befell him,—the most notable being a perilous raft voyage on the Volga. Perm, however, did not fulfil the ideal of Siberian desolation. Its governor was an amiable man; and the exile, who had suffered half-a-year's captivity, somewhat enjoyed his discretionary rambles, and his introduction to practical life in this solitude near the Ural range. All at once, however, he was transferred to Wiatka, beyond a wild region, roamed over by Woteks, Mordwines, and Tschermisse tribes. Here the governor was not so prepossessing as at Perm.—

"He was not very tall, but broad-shouldered, and his head was fitted on his shoulders like a bull-dog's. His projecting cheek-bones completed the likeness to the dog. His hyæna-like smile, his withered face, with a licentious expression, his small, piercing grey eyes, a few upstanding hairs, all this united, made an inexpressibly disgusting impression."

Entering the penal "service of the state" in the heaven-forgotten town of Wiatka, Herzen was at the mercy of a "doctor," whose least word would have sufficed to transport him to the most desolate interior station. It was this man who had sent Prince Dolgorukoff from Perm to Werchoturye. Prince Dolgorukoff was an individual who mistook brutality for humour, and had in succession been expelled from society in Paris, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and even from the resort of offenders at Perm. He journeyed to his expiatory residence in two carriages—himself and his dog in one, his cook and parrots in another. His first adventure was with a lady, whom he flogged with a whip, and his last the *dénouement* of a dinner, at which he served up a Danish dog in a pie. Perm resembled for many days a shipful of green sailors. On the road to his new destination he contrived so to alter the account-books of the postmasters that some of them went nearly mad. He was imitated by Tolstoi, a merchant, who, to display his marksmanship, once put his wife on a table, in a crowded room, and shot at the heels of her shoes.

The "office" at Wiatka was worse than the damp, dismal, comfortless prison at Moscow. Its moral atmosphere was more intolerable to Herzen than the vermin of a monastic cell. However, by turning his attention outwards, he found many interesting subjects of study in the condition of the country, the character of its inhabitants, of the Russian officials, of the exiles—the Poles especially, though with them he was forbidden to converse. This portion of his memoirs is peculiarly original, and has a value beyond that of a merely picturesque narrative. While at Wiatka

the hereditary Grand Duke—the present Czar—arrived on a visit of inspection, and Herzen acted as his guide.—

"The features of the Grand Duke had not the expression of that narrow-minded severity, of that cold and uncharitable cruelty, which prevails in his father's face; they seemed rather to announce kindness and indolence. He was about twenty years old, and a tendency to corpulence was already visible. The few words he addressed to me were civil, and spoken with a voice that had neither the hoarse broken tone of his uncle Constantine's address, nor betrayed his father's favourite custom of intimidating the listener from the beginning."

The Russian government, since Herzen's self-willed exile in Western Europe, has been lavish of artifices to allure back within the iron frontiers of the Empire the young man whose conversation pleased the Grand Duke on that occasion. As a reward he was transferred to Vladimir, seven hundred versts nearer home. But we must not lose an anecdote told by the way.—

"In one of the small places through which the Grand Duke passed, there was a luncheon prepared, after the exhibition. The Grand Duke ate nothing except a peach, the kernel of which he threw away through the window. Thereupon, the tall figure of a young official, known as a drunkard, and even now quite animated by spirits, stepped forward from the crowd, approached the window with a solemn step, took up the kernel, and put it in his pocket. After the luncheon, he approached one of the first ladies, and presented her with the kernel gnawed by his Imperial Highness. The lady is delighted. Thereupon he goes to a second, and a third, all are delighted. The official had bought five peaches, taken out the kernels, and thus rendered six ladies happy."

In 1839, after five years of banishment, Herzen was permitted to reside at St. Petersburg, being warned, however, not to speak confidentially to any man, from a cab-driver to a "friend." He was struck immediately by the formal aspect of the capital,—of its society in particular.—

"In no place is fashion so observed as in St. Petersburg; this shows how unripe our development is; our way of dressing is foreign to us. In Europe people merely dress, we always are in costume, and, therefore, we are afraid of the sleeves being too large, or the collar being too narrow. In Paris, people fear nothing but being dressed without taste; in London, they fear nothing but catching a cold; in Italy, everybody goes as he likes. But was one to exhibit the lions of the Newsky promenade at St. Petersburg, those battalions all alike in their fast buttoned coats, an Englishman would believe them to be a division of policemen."

At St. Petersburg, after a brief interlude of peace, he was again, one winter's morning, visited by an officer of police. That functionary "invited" him to the Imperial Chancery—a potentate of the domestic army with which the Czar constrains his children to loyalty and love. "You profit badly by the Imperial favour," he said. "It seems that you depend upon once more going to Wiatka," and Herzen went, not to Wiatka, but to Novgorod. His offence had been this:—a policeman had murdered a citizen near one of the Neva bridges. Herzen heard of the incident, which became a general topic, and repeated it, with observations on the assassin's act. His criticisms were construed into "an inclination to blame government," and he trod a second time the path of the exile. Throughout his career, however, he observed that class distinctions prevail so far in the policy of the Empire, that men of birth and education are free in general from the revolting violence practised on serfs.—

"Entire martyrologies of the most frightful crimes are buried in the ante-rooms, the maid-servants' chambers, the villages, and the chambers of torture of

the police; recollections of them ferment in many hearts, ripening through many generations for a bloody hopeless revenge, which would have been easy to prevent, but which it will be impossible to suppress."

It would appear that strong as is the Imperial appetite for flattery, the professors of Moscow surpass even the limits of the censor's creed:—

"A Professor at Moscow, seeing the thousands of idlers who gathered to witness the arrival of Nicholas at Moscow, wrote:—'I am certain one sign of the Emperor's hand would be sufficient to make all these thousands throw themselves with pleasure into the river.' This seemed too much even for Count Strogonoff, and he effaced the passage. I know this anecdote from Count Strogonoff himself."

Occasionally, the sentiment of the populace is too powerful to be immediately stifled:—

"I was at the first representation of 'Lepounoff,' at Moscow. When Lepounoff lifts the sleeves of his shirt, and says something like 'I will wash myself to-day in the blood of the Poles,' a half-suppressed groan was heard from the pit; even the gendarmes, the officers of the police, and those others, who, by a strange chance, always occupy the same places, the numbers of which are always effaced or illegible, dared not to applaud."

Referring to that great conspiracy which, a quarter of a century ago, proved that Russian absolutism is undermined by liberal ideas, M. Herzen writes:—

"After that gigantic conspiracy, which included all that was beautiful, youthful, strong and distinguished by talent, courage, and birth in Russia, all the later attempts at secret associations have been unsuccessful, as they were limited to smaller circles, and dissolved before they could make any demonstration. Internal intellectual activity absorbed the direct political one. However, at the sight of all these persecutions and measures of government, at the sight of those thousands of Poles who wander to Siberia, at the sight of serfdom, and of the soldiers who are flogged to death—it cannot fail that, especially among the youthful population, attempts are made to form new associations, new conspiracies. In consequence of this, new banishments to Siberia, the regiments, and to the Caucasus periodically occur."

From these peculiar and admirable memoirs the reader may derive a clear idea of Russian political society. M. Herzen's narrative, ably and unaffectedly written, and undoubtedly authentic, is, indeed, superior in interest to nine-tenths of the existing works on Russia.

History of my Life—[*Histoire, &c.*]. By George Sand. Feuilleton of *La Presse*.

The last words in our late notice of Madame Dudevant's 'History' will have already apprised the reader of the spirit in which her recollections of Chopin are written. Magnanimity on the surface covers a depth of mournful bitterness so slightly as to cause doubt whether the Lady does in reality wish to make the best of her artistic friend, or writes to draw interest on herself as a wronged, faithful, forgiving woman. The excitement and importance of being nursing mother and intimate counsellor to one of the most fastidious men of genius that ever lived are gone by; but credit and glory of a rufous kind are still to be got out of the friendship. "I did not seek it,"—"I bore with long-drawn provocation and misconstruction,"—"I quarrelled with my sick charge in the hope of disciplining him,"—"I forgive him, who can wound me no more, nor reply to what I say and hint,"—such is the argument of Madame Dudevant's confessions concerning a passage of her 'History' which excited more than ordinary speculation and comment in its time, but which was passing into forgetfulness, had not her strange candour dragged it forth again, for the purpose of displaying it effectively. Her talk is perpetually of religion, truth, and duty; but we have never seen forgiving friend more damaging in her disclosures than the Author of 'Lucrezia Floriani.'

when writing of her "*malade ordinaire*." What matter—so that the sublimity and sensibility of her own character and emotions are properly appreciated!

Madame Dudevant had no intention in the first instance, she assures us, of being burdened with the happiness or unhappiness of Chopin, who had been only a passing friend. But on her planning that expedition to Majorca, which she has so charmingly recorded in print, the frail, sensitive Polish pianist entreated to be allowed to make one of the party. A winter in the South, he then believed, would re-establish his health. Full of maternal self-devotion for one whom she considered as a son, Madame Dudevant yielded to the artist's importunities, in defiance of misgivings that the charge she was about to undertake might prove an onerous one. Onerous it did prove. Her published book has already told us how great were the difficulties of board and lodging which had to be surmounted,—the last being insufficiently met by obtaining a place for sojourn in a deserted monastery at Valdemosa. The Lady now shows us to what manner of impatient patient she had undertaken to minister:—

The poor great artist [says she] was a detestable invalid. What I had feared, but unluckily had not feared sufficiently, came to pass. He broke down most completely. Though able to endure pain with sufficient courage, he could not conquer the restlessness of his imagination. The cloister was for him full of terrors and phantoms, even when he was tolerably well. He did not tell us this, but left it to be guessed. On returning from exploring the ruins with my children, I would find him at ten o'clock in the night pale before his piano, with haggard eyes and hair on end. It would be some instants ere he recognized us. Then he would make an effort to laugh, and play us the sublime things which he had just composed,—or, to put it better, the terrible and lacerating ideas which had laid hold of him, as it were, without his knowledge, during the hour of solitude, stillness, and terror. It was thus and there that he composed the loveliest of those short pages modestly entitled his 'Preludes.' These are master-pieces. Many presented the visions of departed monks and the sounds of funeral chants, which had beset him. Others among them, more melancholy and sweet, came to him in some hour of sunshine and of health, on the sound of my children's laughter beneath his window, or the far-away tune of some guitar, or the song of the birds among the moist foliage, or the sight of the small pale roses scattered on the snow.

This leads to a criticism on Chopin as a creative musician not to be passed over.—

The genius of Chopin is the most profound one, and the fullest of sentiment and emotion, which has existed. He has made a single instrument speak the language of the Infinite; he has been often able to comprise, within ten lines which a very infant could play, poems immense in their elevation, drama of an energy which is unequalled. He never stood in need of great material means to reveal the secret of his genius. He required neither saxophones nor ophicleides to fill the soul with terror,—neither church-organs nor human voices to animate it with faith and enthusiasm. He has not been, he is not yet, comprehended by the multitude. There must be great progress in taste and intelligence of his art, if his works are to become popular. The day will arrive when his music will be scored for an orchestra without any change from his piano-foro score; and all the world will then know that his genius, which is as vast, as complete, as learned as that of the great masters to which it assimilates, retained an individuality still more exquisite than that of Sebastian Bach, still more puissant than that of Beethoven, still more dramatic than that of Weber. Chopin is all the three together, and himself besides: that is to say, he is more free in his taste, more austere in his grandeur, more poignant in his grief, than they. Mozart alone is superior to him, because Mozart possessed a larger degree of the calm of health, consequent on the plenitude of life.

The above would be a splendid panegyric, indeed, did fact and reason support it. Ere offering a word or two of qualification, let us paraphrase a subsequent passage, which is instructive, though not in the sense intended by Madame Dudevant.—

Chopin's creations were spontaneous, miraculous. He found his ideas without searching; it came to his piano at once—complete, sublime; it sang to him while he was on his walk, and he was impatient till he could make it be heard by means of his instrument. But then began the most cruel labour which I ever witnessed. This was a series of efforts, irresolutions, impatiences, to recover certain details of the theme as he had heard it. That which he had conceived as an entire whole he would analyze too curiously when he attempted to write it down; and his regret not to be able to find it sufficiently perfect to please him, threw him into a sort of despair. He would shut himself up in his room for whole days, weeping, walking to and fro, tearing up his pens, trying and changing a single bar one hundred times—now writing, now blotting out,—and beginning again on the morrow, with a minute and desperate patience. He would pass six weeks over a page, to end by writing it down just as he had noted it in the first instance.

The above statement must be read through a diminishing glass; but when it is cleared of hyperbole and exaggeration, it may be resorted to by way of explanation, text, and comment on works for which such a splendour of composite excellence is claimed. We appreciate the grandeur of Chopin's ideas, displayed, especially, in certain of his *Polonoises*, for the rendering of which the most stately of pianists is not stately enough. We delight in the fantastic, delicate, and pensive elegance of his *Nocturni*, his *Balades*, his *Preludes* and *Studies*. For character and colour, what can exceed his *Mazurkas*?—But as a composer, to set Chopin above Bach and Beethoven, to declare that he is more dramatic than Weber, is to deliver an overstrained compliment, in terms outrageous enough to make us question the knowledge or the sincerity of the writer. Surely, by the scale of their compositions we class the great artists. A fugue of Bach, a *Sonata* of Beethoven, live in part by the amplitude and the originality of their structure as well as by the happy first thoughts on which they are based. Now, there is no work of any length by Chopin calling for structural nerve and solidity, in which weakness and want of resource are not discernible; and a perpetual appeal to expedients of concealment, not of continuation. Even in those smaller and more perfect compositions, the style of which is Chopin's own, and the imaginings of which establish him as one of the imaginative poets of Art, there is mostly some crudity to be escaped from, covered up, or evaded, by the adroit player, which need not have been there, and which can only, we conceive, have been allowed to intrude because of the imperfect scientific training of the composer. It is true that the *salon* atmosphere of Paris, which Chopin delighted to breathe, had in it something morbid and delusive, calculated to tempt the most soberly-taught of artists into mysticism and eccentricity—into trying to make of music something more and something less than music should be; but we fancy that the flagrant impurities of Chopin's writing may, in part, be referred to the same source as the want of sustaining power to which we have adverted; and that the throes, and spasms, and vacillations to which Madame Dudevant refers may be ascribed as much to incompleteness as to fastidiousness. In another point of view we find the Lady's panegyric lacking proportion and discernment. Though Chopin never wrote without a musical thought which tempted him to write, he seldom put pen to paper without a perpetual refer-

ence to the coquettish and technicalities of his instrument, and to the novelties which he conceived himself to have discovered. Bach's fugues and Beethoven's *Sonatas* are pure music,—Chopin's compositions are individual and fascinating *pianoforte* music. The distinction is that which exists between universal and special poetry. Our assertion may be proved by the fact, that Chopin's music can never be played with due taste, relish and effect by any one who never heard Chopin play, or who is not acquainted with his humours and principles of fingering. These, as we have heard them explained and illustrated by himself, were ingenious, but entirely at variance with all the accepted forms and purposes by which the hand is trained for keyed instruments. Whereas every other teacher has aimed at equalizing the power of the fingers (by Nature created so unequal in force and readiness), Chopin's fancy was to produce effects undreamed of in their delicacy and variety. He wished to humour Nature,—to give each finger its own function—its own voice (if we may speak fantastically), its own privileges. Hence came licences, exactions, quaintnesses, audacities in his practice, which it is indispensable should be applied to his music if its true meaning is to be rendered. Hence to players having hands unlike his own, who cannot indulge in the slidings and extensions he called for, by reason of the stiffness and shortness of their fingers, Chopin's freaks and delicacies, and the wayward expression of his expressive music, are inaccessible. By this, we place a limit to his greatness, which distinguishes it from the greatness of such musical thinkers as Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn.

Let us return from the music to the man, for whom Madame Dudevant "confesses," with her usual expansive and one-sided candour. She has been accused by report, she says, of putting the sick-bodied and sick-minded artist into novel, and of having shadowed forth the story of their friendship in her '*Lucrezia Floriani*',—a tale of a noble-hearted woman killed slowly by the pin-point jealousies and provocations of a fastidious lover. But she did not mean *Prince Karol* to resemble Chopin. The following is what she does mean,—and as a portrait it is curious, if not altogether exact.—

I recollect (says she in the last chapter of her History) a day when, revolted by injustices without name, which in my private life assailed me at once from many different sides, I retired to weep in the little plantation of my garden at Nohant, on the very spot where, long ago, my mother and I had made our pretty rock-work:—I was then forty; and though liable to terrible headaches, I felt myself physically much stronger than I had been in my youth. The fancy seized me, in the midst of I know not what dark ideas, to raise a heavy stone,—possibly one of the very stones which I had seen brought hither by my strong and young mother. I lifted it without effort:—I let it fall with despair, saying to myself "*Ah Heaven! I have, perhaps, still forty years of life before me.*" The dread of life, the thirst for repose, against which I had so long combated, came back to me this time in the most terrible manner conceivable. I sat down upon the stone, and let my distress find utterance in floods of tears. But a great revolution was to be wrought in me. To those two hours of utter desolation succeeded two or three hours of meditation and self-composing, the remembrance of which has remained with me, firm and clear—as a decisive period in my life.

Then follow eloquent paragraphs concerning resignation, self-sacrifice, sense of duty, and the balm which unselfishness brings with it:—afterwards, the historian returns to one of her main household trials.—

Among all the bitterness which I had, not so much to endure as to overcome, the suffering of my *malade ordinaire* was not the smallest one. Chopin always longed to be at Nohant, yet never endured being

there. He was *par excellence* the man of the world—not the world of rank, station, and numbers, but the intimate and choice world. He was the man of the circle of twenty persons, of the hour when the crowd is gone, and when the friends of the house press round the artist, and with their amiable importunities draw from him the purest of his inspirations. It was on such occasions only that he gave out all his genius, all his talent. It was then that, after having plunged his audience into profound reverie or painful sadness (for his music, especially when he improvised, would fill the soul with cruel discouragement), suddenly, as if to destroy all impression and recollection of sorrow in his listeners as in himself, he would stealthily turn to a mirror, arrange his hair and his cravat, and transform himself into a phlegmatic Englishman, into an impudent old man, into a sentimental and ridiculous Englishwoman, into a sordid Jew. The type was always a sad one, however comical it might be, and so perfectly felt, and so delicately rendered, that one was never weary of admiring him. All these sublime, charming, or bizarre things, which he drew from his own store, made him the life of the choicest society, and he was literally fought for. His noble character, his well-placed pride (enemy to all bad taste and insolent pretension), the certainty in all intercourse with him, and the exquisite delicacy of his *savoir vivre*, made him a friend as serious as he was agreeable. To tear Chopin away from such spoiling influences, to associate in a scheme of life, simple, uniform, and constantly studious, one who had been brought up on the knees of princesses, would have been to deprive him of all that made him live. His was a factitious life, it is true,—for, like a woman who paints, on returning home, he laid aside his vigour and his spell of power, and had to pass the night in sleeplessness and fever: but it was a life more brief and brilliant than any one of retreat, of restricted intimacies, of the uniform circle of a single family, could have been. At Paris, he traversed many worlds every day, and every night selected some new one of which to make himself centre. He had thus some twenty or thirty houses, whose inmates he could fascinate and charm by his presence. Chopin was not born exclusive in his affections, he was only so in relation to those which he exacted from others,—his soul, impressible by all that is beautiful, all that is graceful, all that is radiant, went forth to others with an unheard-of spontaneity and variety. But it drew back as sensitively,—an untoward word, an equivocal smile, disenchanted him. He would fall passionately in love with three women on the same evening, and go home alone, thinking of none of the three,—but leaving each convinced that she had been the one who had exclusively charmed him. He was the same with his friendships:—enthusiastic at first sight, then becoming disgusted, and retiring perpetually,—living on attachments full of charm for those who were the object of them, and of secret mistrust which poisoned the most precious of his affections.—A trait which he told me himself proved how little he could measure that which he allowed to his own heart with that which he demanded from the hearts of others. He was vividly struck with the granddaughter of a celebrated master, and intended to ask her in marriage, though at the same time he was following out the thought of another love-marrage in Poland,—his honour being engaged nowhere, but his wavering heart fluctuating betwixt the one and the other passion. The young Parisian Lady received him graciously, and all was going on as well as possible, when one day he entered her presence with another musician, more famous at that time in Paris than he was. To him the Lady offered a chair before offering one to Chopin. He never saw her again, and forgot her immediately.

In another page are other traits; and, lastly, the following account of the catastrophe of the friendship betwixt a woman so much enduring and a man so much demanding. Speaking of the discipline necessary to Chopin's well-being, and how hard he was to manage, Madame Dudevant continues thus:—

Chopin, when vexed, was fearful; and as when he was with me he always restrained himself, he seemed, on such occasions, like one suffocated and ready to die. My life, always active and cheerful on the surface, had

become inwardly fuller of grief than ever. I began to despair of giving to others the happiness which for myself I had renounced,—since I had more than one deep-seated trouble which it was necessary perpetually to combat. Chopin's friendship had never been for me a refuge against sadness. He had sorrows enough of his own to endure. Mine would have overwhelmed him,—hence he had but vague idea, and no understanding whatever, of them. He would have regarded everything from a point of view entirely different from mine. My real strength was to be looked for in my son, who was of an age to share with me Life's most serious interests, and who supported me with his equability of spirit, his precocious reason, and his constant gaiety. * * After the last relapses of the invalid, his sombreness of humour had become sorely deepened, and Maurice, who till then had loved him tenderly, was suddenly wounded by him about a totally worthless matter, when no one expected such a thing. The two made peace the next moment, but the grain of sand had fallen into the tranquil lake, and presently pebbles began to drop in after it one by one.—Chopin was often irritated without any reason, and sometimes against persons when they were meaning kindly by him. I saw the mischief become worse, and spread to my other children;—seldom to Solange, whom Chopin preferred, because she, alone, had never spoiled him, but to Augustine with a fearful bitterness, and to Lambert, who was never able to find out the reason. Augustine, certainly the most sweet-tempered and inoffensive among us, was in utter dismay. He had been, till then, so kind to her!—All, however, was endured till, at last, one day, Maurice, worn out with pin-point attacks, talked of withdrawing from the scene. That was not—ought not—to be permitted; Chopin could not submit to my intervention, legitimate and necessary though it was. He bowed his head, and declared that I loved him no longer!

The above passage may range with some of the most pathetic and minute explanations in the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau: but, like them, it appears to us to contain more hollow sentiment than deep feeling; to be gratuitous and ungenerous,—since the grave has closed over him whose waywardness has been dwelt on that his eulogist's constancy may be appreciated. We have rarely parted from a book with a more painful impression than that made on us by the last chapters of the "History" of Madame Dudevant's life.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

English Roots: and the Derivation of Words from the Ancient Anglo-Saxon. Two Lectures. By Edward Newenham Hoare, A.M., Dean of Waterford. (Dublin, Hodges & Smith; London, Parker.)—The Dean relies too much upon Verstegan, and deals with his amusing subject in a style rather too formal and precise; but some of his matter is pleasant enough. We will give an example:—"Words of Saxon derivation prevail most amongst seamen, * * and although the word 'navy' is of foreign derivation, the 'fleet' is of Saxon origin, as is also the appropriate designation of the maritime power and defence of Great Britain—'The wooden walls of Old England.' I shall not attempt to give a full catalogue of nautical terms and phrases, but only enumerate some of those most familiar to 'land's-men,' as sailors call us, using a Saxon appellation. The following are Saxon words, viz.:—ship, boat, boom, boltsprit or bowsprit, helm, stern, bows, mast, spars, sails, hold, lading, hatchway, ropes, tar, hawser, wheel, perthole, keel, needle, lead, ladder, hull, shrouds, decks, and rudder, as also yard, used in its original sense, as meaning any pole or rod, but now generally restricted to a measure of three feet. We have also from the Saxon the skipper, the midshipman, the sailor, the mate, the boatswain, the coxswain, the steward, the steersman, and the crew. Of sea terms and phrases, we have, of Saxon derivation. luff, thwart, starboard, larboard, leeward, abait, and aft (of which, in ordinary use, we have the comparative *after*). Sailors speak of a *taut* rope, such being the word used by Chaucer for tight; they speak of the *neap* and *full* tides, and of their

ebbing and flowing; they reef the sails, they tug vessels taken in tow; they call the progress of the ship its way, and this they reckon by knots; they stow away their goods, they row with oars, they trim the ship, they man the yards, they speak of so many hands on board, and they give 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether'—all Saxon words."—We cannot agree with the Dean that "babble" was derived from "Babel"—nor, indeed, in fifty other of his suggestions; but it is useless to expect people to be of one opinion on etymologies.

Report on the Exposition of 1855—[Visite à l'Exposition, &c.]. (Paris, Hachette & Co.; London, Nutt)—A valuable work to all, and invaluable to those who may yet pay a visit to that great centre of science, art, and industry. It has been prepared somewhat on the principle of Mr. Robert Hunt's "Handbook to the Exhibition of 1851," by thirteen men of science, each of whom reports on a special department, and the whole has been arranged under the direction of M. Tresca, a gentleman not only generally but specially qualified by his official connexion both with the Exhibition in London and the Exposition in Paris. When we add, that a volume so carefully prepared, of more than eight hundred pages,—printed with beautiful type on excellent paper,—illustrated with plans and woodcuts,—is sold for half-a-crown, our readers will probably agree with us, that it is not the least extraordinary result of that Exposition.

The Hand-Place-Book of the United Kingdom, containing References of Daily Use to upwards of Fifteen Thousand Localities in Great Britain and Ireland, and General Statistical Tables. (Blackie & Son).—The "Villare" used to be a folio volume,—here we have all the information it contained, and much more, in a book but little bigger than "an agate on the fore-finger of an alderman." The Tom Thumb of a volume would have been much more useful if it had contained the names of hamlets or sub-divisions of parishes, as given in the population return; and, for general purposes, it would have been an improvement if the column now given up to the superficial acreage had contained the name of the post town.

The Post-Diluvian History, from the Flood to the Call of Abram, as set forth in the Early Portions of the Book of Genesis, Critically Examined and Explained. By the Rev. E. D. Rendell. (Hodson).—In 1850 Mr. Rendell published a work, entitled, "Ante-Diluvian History," to which the present volume is a sequel. His notion is, "that the first eleven chapters of Genesis, down to the time of Eber," are not to be taken "to mean those literal things which they are commonly regarded to express," but that we ought to view them as "the symbolic history of the first two churches which it pleased the Divine Providence to plant among mankind." These two churches are designated by Mr. Rendell as the Adamic or Celestial Church, and the Noetic or Spiritual Church. The history of the latter, translated, so to speak, out of what is considered the symbolical language of the Old Testament, forms the subject of the present volume.

The First Cause; or, a Treatise upon the Being and Attributes of God. In Two Parts, viz., 1, The Proof from Reason; 2, The Proof from Revelation. By J. C. Whish, M.A. (Seeley).—Mr. Whish's treatise contains many evidences of having proceeded from a thoughtful mind and a clear, discriminating intellect; but it was rightly passed over by the judges of the Burnett Prizes. It is a chief defect in all these books, that the authors do not sufficiently apply themselves to prove the positive of their great argument. They make incursions into the territory of the sceptics, and are very bold in demonstrating the unreasonableness of their notions, but are exceedingly timid in dealing with the direct proofs of the doctrine which it is their bounden duty to maintain. A few good solid positive proofs would be worth many volumes of recrimination.

Chapman & Hall's "Select Library of Fiction" includes in one of its volumes *Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales*, by the Author of "Mary Barton." These are merely reprints; but the miscellany made up of them is of higher quality than the generality of similar miscellanies. One of the longest

stories in the volume, and the least likely to have been seen by general readers—"Mr. Harrison's Confessions"—is a genuine bit of comedy, from the same mint as gave out "Cranford." The steadiness with which the gay and clever young physician was beleaguered by the old maids and widows of the country town in which he had pitched his tent is a thing to give young bachelors in like circumstances a shudder;—since few among them may really be able to extricate themselves so felicitously as our young medicine-man is made to do. Others of the tales have the deep and homely pathos which from the first interested us in the Author of "Mary Barton."

Among recently published educational works, we may mention *Chronological Tables of Contemporary Sovereigns, Dates, Battles, Treaties, &c.*, by S. M. Ruffin, a quarto brochure, every other page of which is devoted to a century, and contains a large square divided into a hundred smaller ones to represent the single years. In these smaller squares the memorable names or events are inserted, so as to show at a glance the date and relative position. The plan certainly has the advantage of convenience and utility.—*The Arithmetic of Fractions and Proportion investigated and explained: for the use of Pupil-Teachers and Senior Classes in Elementary Schools*, by J. Copland, is well adapted to its professed purpose. It treats of the most essential parts of arithmetic, and supplies a greater amount of explanation and reasoning than school-books generally contain.—We have two introductions to French calling for notice, both chiefly made up of exercises for translation, and both wanting in model sentences for the pupil's guidance. If Ollendorff is guilty of excess in this particular, we think that a less evil than the entire omission of such helps. The first of the works in question is *A Conversational Grammar of the French Language*, by Dr. L. Georg, which contains a number of easy conversations in French, besides other exercises for reading and writing. The second is styled *A New Practical and Easy Method of Learning French*, by E. Husson.

In the interval between the literary seasons theological and devotional miscellanies have continued to accumulate, as though there were no pause in the circulation of that class of works. We have on our table a volume of the *Bampton Lectures*, containing *Eight Sermons in Defence of the Formularies of the Church of England*, by J. E. Bode, M.A., dealing with controverted points, and arguing from precedent and authority.—The Rev. Patrick Booth, A.M., has produced one of the Essays which competed unsuccessfully for the Burnett Prize, *On the Existence and Attributes of God*, adding that it is not one of the ten pointed out by the judges as possessed of superior merit. Mr. Booth practically appeals from the arbiters to the public.—Concerning religious doctrine we have also an anonymous volume of dialogues, held in quaint and formal language by Sclerus and Phideas, *On Universal Restitution*.—Two pamphlets on *The Moral Theology of the Church of Rome* combat the reasonings of Liguori,—that Bellarmine of double-meanings and mental reserves, of pious puns and the sacred play of words.—Dr. Pagani, of the Roman Catholic Church, extends his investigation to *The End of the World, or the Second Coming of Christ*.—In applied religion we find a second series of *Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton*, by the late F. W. Robertson, M.A. They are thoughtfully and purely written; but under several of the texts the "sermons" are only "notes," probably intended to facilitate the preacher's oral reasoning.—*Broken Bread* is the title of a volume of short discourses or scriptural criticisms, for family use,—while *Communions with the Heart* are exclusively designed for the closet.—In *The Shadow and the Substance* the sacrificial ritual and material types of the Mosaic age are contrasted with the more subtle and spiritual influences of the new dispensation.—To a younger class of readers is addressed *A Sunday Book; or, Habits of Patriarchal Times in the East*, very literal, very shallow, and very positive.—In a tract entitled *The Sabbath Question considered Scripturally*, Mr. Henry Fulton reverses the common Scriptural argument, maintaining that to

enforce Sabbath observance by law is "Satanic."—*Fragmentary Thoughts on the Subject of Preaching* are mere truisms, classified and vaguely expressed.—Mr. Harold Daw's *Letter on the Church and the Future* refers to an ecclesiastical doctrine which he holds to be founded in error,—while Mr. Clerc Smith's *Clerical Experiences during a Quarter of a Century* range, in a rambling style, from the author's opinions to his grievances.—Two of the *Tonbridge Congregational Tracts*, by T. G. Horton, deal with "Baptism" and "the Lord's Supper."—To this list of miscellanies we may append Miss S. D. Collet's "Biographical and Critical Essay" on *George Jacob Holyoake and Modern Atheism*.

The following are pamphlets which explain their special objects in their titles:—*Suggestions for an Improved Theory of the Tides*, by Lieut. C. Hopkins, R.N.—*Report on the Quality of the New River Company's Water*, by T. Spencer, F.C.S.—*Tables exhibiting the Temperature of Queenstown*, by David Scott, M.D.—*Hydro-Therapeutics; or, the Water Cure*, by William Macleod.—*Cholera: its Causes, Prevention, and Successful Treatment*, by Jacob Dixon; and *Report of the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows*.—In a *New Process of obtaining and purifying Glycerine*, Mr. G. Ferguson Wilson, F.R.S., mentions the use, not hitherto very successful, of glycerine in photography. On this last subject Mr. T. Sutton, B.A., has proposed *A New Method of printing Positive Photographs*. The existing methods are explained in Mr. G. Fleming's *Concise and Practical Treatise on the Collodion Process*. Messrs. Hunt & Roskell have printed a handsome illustrated Catalogue, with French text, of the objects exhibited by them in the Paris Exhibition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbott's *Journey from Hierant to St. Petersburg*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
Bailey's (J. M.) *Relations of Science*, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Bailey's *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*, fc. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Ballantyne's *Adventures in the Amazon*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.
Ballantyne's Selections from the Writings of T. Carlyle, 7s. cl.
Becker's *German Grammar*, 3rd edit. by Fridericks, 12mo. 4s. cl.
Blake's (B.) *Infidelity Inexcusable*, post 8vo. 4s. cl.
Coming Crisis: Comfort in its Contemplation, fc. 8vo. 2s. ed. cl.
Cook's *Handbook of the English Language*, 2nd edit. ex. 8vo. 7s. ed. cl.
Crowe's *Linnæ Lockwood*, cr. 8vo. 2s. ed. bds.
Curzon's (Rev. W.) *Speculum Syriacum*, royal 8vo. 9s. cl.
De Vere's *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature*, ex. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Desprez's *Apparatus Fulfilled*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Dobson's *Amphitheatrum*, by Author of "Lorenzo Bonini," 7s. 6d. cl.
Everley's *Tale*, fc. sun. 6s. cl.
Examples of Ornament, edited by Cundall, imp. 4to. 2s. 2s. half-hd.
Finch's (Lady E.) *Sampler*, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 4s. ed. cl.
Fortune of the Culpepper Family, by Frank Smedley, illust. 1s. ed.
Garrison's *Rev. Anti-Slavery Standard*, 12mo. 1s. cl.
Galileo's *Dialogue on the Two Chief World Systems*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s. cl.
Guy's Tutor's Assistant, a Key to, 5th edit. corrected, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Hopkins's (J. R.) *Elvire: a Reminiscence of Paris*, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Keane's *Nuisances Removal Act for England*, 1855, 12mo. 2s. bds.
Krummacher's *The Refining School*, 12mo. by Jackson, 7s. 6d. cl.
Lamb's *Utopia*, 1st to 4th edit. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Literally Literal Diversion, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.
Mcormac on Pulmonary Consumption, cr. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Millar's *Outlines of English Grammar*, 12mo. 6d. cl.
Millicent, or *Trials of Life*, by Author of "Curate of Overton," 31s. 6d.
Milton's *Utopia*, 1st to 4th edit. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Mrs. Boss's Nine, by Author of "Stories on Proverbs," 18mo. 2s. cl.
National Drawing Master, edited by Nicholls, royal 8vo. 9s. cl.
Paliss's *Life, Potter of Saintes*, by Morley, 2nd edit. 12s. cl.
Pictures from the Battle-field, new edit. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Price's *Principles of the Christian Religion*, 12mo. 6d. cl.
Railroad Children, by Author of "Heir of Redcliffe," 18mo. 6d.
Revil's *Orthographical Appendix to English Dictionaries*, 36mo. 1s.
Robinson the Younger, from the German of Campi, illust. 2s. cl.
Schneider's *Edinburgh High School New French Reader*, 3s. 6d.
Sickert's *1854*, 4th edit. 12mo. 1s. cl.
Sister and Letters on the Catacombs, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Thomason's (G. T.) *Memories*: a Poem, illust. 4to. 7s. 6d. cl.
Vaux's *Nineteen and Persopolis*, 4th edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
West's (Rev. C. A.) *Parish Sermons*, 12mo. 31s. cl.
Wheeler's (J. T.) *Life and Travels of Herodotus*, 2 vols. 31s. cl.
Where is It? *Dictionary of Common Poetical Quotations*, 2s. ed.
Wolsey's *Rise and Fall*, as related by Cavendish, fc. 8vo. 1s. swd.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lyons, Oct. 14.

"THE water cure" is a good *panacea* for weariness of spirits; no form of travelling yielding so much to body and mind, or fatiguing them so little, as river-travelling. Any one who longs for a glimpse and a breath of the South ere returning to our November sea-coal fires, and who is unable to do more, can hardly pass two days better than by dropping down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon,—giving the evening and the next morning to that fine old town of the Popes,—and taking the afternoon "up train" (which is also not without its share of pictures) to bring him back ere bedtime to the point from which he started.

Even the wild wind, which blew during all my day on the water, and the driving clouds, which blackened the hills and valley-reaches, careering

away as fleetly as they had come, made up an element of enjoyment rather than of disturbance, and added a strong colour to the scenery of the rude, rapid Rhone. I doubt if tourists have of late considered how much there is to be seen on this river—beginning at our starting-point, Lyons,—which, with its imposing masses of building, its many and various bridges, and its two streams hurrying to meet each other, matches, if it does not exceed, Coblenz on the Rhine and Passau on the Danube. It is a scene recalling Turner in all his glory. No one has better caught the spirit of French landscape,—with its amplitude, and its long ranges of poplar-trees, which fringe so many roads and skirt so many quays. Did our neighbours, indeed, feel the worth and grace of their own picturesque, the English painter—who has rendered it as no predecessor had dared or thought of doing—would somewhere or other in France have his tablet or votive cross. There was no forgetting or turning away from Turner all the way down the Rhone,—from the hour when dawn rose above Lyons till evening fell over the broken bridge at Avignon, and night came in front of the grim palace of the Popes; where the muster of the soldiers by lamp-light under the gateway, to a flourish of trumpets, closed the day capitally with a wild, warlike picture. Without pretending to correct the guide-books, I may record another impression made by my day on the Rhone; the particular character given to the river by its many bridges, and their own airy grace and beauty. It may be very well for the enthusiasts who “peep and botanize” over every crude ornament attempted by mediæval artist, and who play the part of Hamlet, choosing that Polonius (their public) shall see whale or osel as their frenzy pleases,—to talk about the architecture of travel and intercourse as something base and mechanical,—and to denounce metal-work in building as unscriptural,—a thing to be abominated on the authority of Holy Writ,—but it is better, I submit—and no less poetical, perhaps—to find and to feel the beauty of these bridges,—even though the curve be made of wire—even though the chain has been cast in the foundry. There are few which do not, in their light, yet firm piers, springing from the bed of the stream, offer those incidents of light and shadow of which so much may be made. The details and proportions, too, of some of this pier-architecture are well worth studying, even though they be neither ecclesiastic nor Byzantine.

Then, there is costume to be seen on the Rhone. One costume, that of the *payannes* of La Bresse,—crowned by a curious black cap, in shape like the topmost story of a dumb-waiter, with four lace lappets streaming from it crosswise,—is a dress as quaint to see as the Continent has to show. Military uniforms in abundance, too, now make the river gay or sad, as may be. The Rhone has an interest this year which Rhine and Danube have not, being a highway for brave adventure and honourable suffering. Among our passengers on board the steamer were four wounded Zouaves, on their way from the hospital at Lyons to Aix. The youngest and shortest of these—with a shattered arm in a sling—was a traveller such as it does the heart good to meet. In spite of much rusty bronze, and some little dirt, a better, more open countenance I never saw than his, nor did I ever encounter a being more ready and alert. A soldier, of another regiment, fell down in a fit (brought on probably by Lyons beer); and, while every one else was gesticulating and scrambling around the drunkard, it was admirable to see how this clever creature, maimed as he was, hustled up with a bucket of water, and took the management of the sick man,—encouraging, scolding, getting to rights,—as voluble the while as a cockatoo,—with a ready helpfulness which no one else on board could muster. As a narrator of what had happened at the Malakoff and the Redan, it was impossible to beat this Zouave for simple, straightforward description, clear of *braggadocio*. In the course of the voyage, an Englishman on board slipped a little tobacco-money into his huge pocket. Presently, there limped up another of the Zouaves (who had lost his right arm outright), and begged

my countryman to do him a pleasure. This was to gratify the four by accepting their pipe (for the Zouaves hold their property in common, like the Templars of old). It was a pipe that all four had been smoking that morning. He took pains to explain that it was something precious—a cane as well as a pipe; and my companion found it no easy matter to decline the treasure so earnestly pressed upon him. Such a group as this would, of itself, have furnished pleasure and thought enough for one day, supposing the voyage had been down a mud-banked canal, and not the Rhone river!

There was ample time on the second day to go out to Vaucluse, ere turning northward again. How is it that “the Red Book” describes the country as “dreary”? To me it seemed rich in some of the best riches of Southern landscape, with a grand horizon range of hills,—a distant stream, the Durance,—a plain dotted with villages and belfries, coloured with the golden brown of the vines and the gay bloom of the olive-trees, and spired with cypresses,—a height from which a superb view, including Avignon, is obtained. Average materials for a morning picture better than these cannot surely be assembled. The pilgrims to Vaucluse, who repair thither full of Petrarch and Laura, will find that change has laid his hand on the scholar’s haunt. Even into this strange, sequestered place, modern Progress and Intercourse have intruded,—let us rather admit have brought their poetry, for the lofty aqueduct, in progress, close to the village under which the road passes, when complete, will add a feature to the valley without depriving Vaucluse of its retirement or Petrarch’s fountain of its sparkling clearness. But let us not “be poetical,” the Author of the “Imaginary Conversations” having exhausted, perhaps, all that was left for modern lovers of the Italian Poet’s memory to sing or say. Another change at Vaucluse, more prosaic and homely than any brought thither by road or aqueduct, is to be noted, for the lamentation of all whom it may concern. The cook of the *Hôtel de Laure*, so famed during the past quarter of a century, has made his fortune and retired; and the “Travellers’ Book,” little less famous for its amatory and culinary entries, has vanished also,—having been torn up, the present landlady assured me, and its leaves carried away, one by one, as relics of Vaucluse! C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SINCE we touched upon M. Erdan’s prosecution for the publication of his ‘*La France Mystique*, the Procureur-Général, in his zeal for the Imperial Government, has thought proper to enter an appeal to a higher Court for a heavier sentence. This Court, seeing that M. Erdan has not expressed contrition for his work, and that he has ventured to express opinions on the justice of the mild sentence passed upon him, has extended the term of his imprisonment from eight days to one year, and the fine to 1,000 francs. The reader is left to imagine the feelings with which this vengeance upon an enemy, no longer powerful, is viewed by the literary world of Paris. It has created a profound sensation; and being coupled with the late proceedings in the matter of ‘*Paris*,’ has probably disheartened many men who were anticipating a speedy release from the bondage of the last four years. Erdan lies in prison to warn them.

The ‘Publishers’ Circular’ announces various literary movements. Besides that to which we have already alluded—the visit of Mr. Thackeray to America [*ante*, p. 1116],—we are told that our other great novelist, Mr. Charles Dickens, is “contemplating a six months’ *séjour* at Paris”—which is termed “a retirement from the busy life of our metropolis,” and is said to be likely “to be profitable to the readers of his new work.” No city in the world offers wider scope than Paris for the study of those peculiarities in manners which Mr. Dickens loves to pourtray; nor in any other city can he find more of that general sympathy and hearty good-will which it is the tendency of his writings to encourage. We shall be pleased to learn that the rumour is true, although we are not able to look upon a six months’ residence in Paris as “a retire-

ment.” ‘Little Dorrit’ will probably tell us all about it.

The Lord Mayor is about to bring his year of office to a graceful close. He has appointed the 5th of November for a meeting in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, to take into consideration the establishment of Public Libraries in the City, in conformity with the recent Act of Parliament. Mr. Alderman Sidney evinced the value which he sets upon literature, and his sympathy with the wants of his poorer fellow-citizens, by endeavouring to provoke an opposition.

The Government have granted the use of apartments in Carisbrook Castle for the reception of articles of antiquity found in the Isle of Wight. The encouragement thus given to the formation of a Museum will, we hope, induce the residents in the island to come forward properly in its support. Other localities also will be able to urge the precedent thus set upon the attention of the Government. What is right in the spot honoured by the residence of Her Majesty is equally so, and much more necessary, in places which do not possess any such advantage. If the concession in this case be attributable to the influence of the Court, it is much to their credit.

In spite of the war, and all the consequent drawbacks to literature, more than eight thousand copies of Tennyson’s ‘*Maud*’ have been already sold. Such a sale, taken in connexion with the publication, as we have elsewhere noticed, of a fifth edition of ‘*Festus*,’ seems to show how constant is the love of poetry which lies hid in the popular heart.

We may add to the list of forthcoming works in our last number [p. 1189], a ‘History of Piedmont from the Earliest Times to the Year 1855,’ by Antonio Gallenga, Sardinian Deputy,—a timely publication; and a volume on New Zealand by the Rev. Richard Taylor, for many years a missionary in that country.—Mr. Bentley is also about to publish Prescott’s ‘History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain,’ the husband of our Mary, and therefore a subject of English interest. He announces also for immediate issue a new novel by Miss Sinclair, to be called ‘Cross-Purposes.’

Some of our readers will be glad to know the rules which have been adopted by the Directors of the Smithsonian Institution for the distribution of its publications:—since these publications are really of that eminent importance which the Founder designed them to be. The rules are:—1. They are to be presented to all learned Societies which publish Transactions, and give copies of those in exchange to the Institution. 2. To all foreign libraries of the first class, provided they give in exchange their catalogues or other publications, or an equivalent in their duplicate volumes. 3. To all colleges in actual operation in the United States, provided they furnish in return meteorological observations, catalogues of their libraries, and all other publications issued by them relative to their organization and history. 4. To all states and territories, provided there be given in return copies of all documents published under their authority. 5. To all incorporated public libraries in the United States, not included in any of the foregoing classes, now containing more than 7,000 volumes; and to smaller libraries, where a whole state or large district would be otherwise unsupplied. 6. Separate memoirs are sometimes presented to minor institutions.

It is now stated, as if upon authority, that Cardinal Wiseman has been formally appointed successor of Cardinal Mai in the Librarianship of the Vatican.

Our review of Dr. Monet’s edition of the recently-discovered fragments of Pliny’s ‘Natural History’ [*ante*, p. 1185] has produced the following letter, on the subject of the recovery of lost writings of ancient authors of Rome and Greece generally:—

“It is singular that in this instance of Pliny, as in the case of the Fragments of Fronto, the superstructure of literature should consist of portions of Jerome’s works over the older writing of the palimpsest; but it affords a hope that in this manner we may still rescue many authors now lost from the sad oblivion to which the neglect of ages has consigned them. The discovery of the history of Livy in three distinct portions, as well as that of Valerius Flaccus, al-

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though in a mutilated condition, in the recesses of a mouldy wine-bin, gnawed by rats, of the fragments of *Hyperides* in two distinct places, of *Silius Italicus* in a cellar, of portions of *Trojan Pompeius* in a Russian library, of *Petronius Arbiter* (valuable from its domestic details), and a host of others,—is sufficient evidence of the good fortune likely to attend the efforts of a combination of accomplished and enterprising scholars, like Mai, Curzon, or Harris of Alexandria, distributed over a wide extent of country. A few years ago, when I first ventured to draw the attention of the public to the formation of such an association in the pages of '*Notes and Queries*' [Vol. III, p. 161; Vol. IV, p. 282], I had made arrangements which would have materially forwarded such views; but circumstances have now placed learned Europe in a closer relation with the classic East, and a Society, comprising within its ranks the large corps of well-educated clergy now engaged in their holy duties with our brave Eastern army, would have a far greater prospect of accumulating such important fragments of the bygone world. Classical literature and scholarship at the present day require such a stimulus as would be afforded by the discovery of the remaining books of *Livy*, respecting which there are so many traditions, the restoration of the *Eschylean* trilogy of *Prometheus*, or the completion of the *Annals* of Tacitus. I lay particular stress upon the well-known interest taken by Lord *Stratford Redcliffe* in the subject of archaeology, and so eloquently and feelingly spoken of by Mr. Layard; and I am sure that a well-backed application (with the present relations existing between Her Majesty's Government and the Imperial Ottoman Empire) to the proper quarter, would induce a representation on the part of our Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and thus accomplish a great practical service to scholarship, so sadly languishing at present for want of fresh aliment. Hoping you will oblige me by the insertion of this suggestion as a ride to your own interesting account of Dr. More's work, I remain,

60, Berners-street, KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE,
F.S.A. M.R.A.S."

Oct. 15, 1855.
The Wiltshire Archaeological Society is trying to carry out a system of parish history by a series of local committees. The Bishop of Salisbury has given his warm approval of the plan.

Prof. Agassiz, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has at length announced his intention of publishing, by subscription, the results of his investigations into the Embryology of North America, upon which he has been engaged during the past eight years. He proposes issuing about sixty monographs from all the classes of animals, especially selected among those best known as characteristic of North America, and also descriptions of a great number of new genera and species of Polypi, Acalepha, Echinoderms, Bryozoa, Ascidians, Lower Crustaceans, and Fishes, accompanied with accurate figures. The Professor pledges himself not to extend his publication to classes already illustrated, but to limit himself to such additions to the natural history of the States as will constitute real contributions to embryological science and natural history generally.

Count Auersperg, author of the 'Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten' (better known by his *nom de plume* of Anastasius Grün), is about to prepare for the press a complete edition of the lyric, epic and dramatic works of his friend, the late unfortunate and highly-gifted Nicolaus Lenau, Baron Niemisch von Streihenau. The collection will extend to four volumes, and will contain, besides a sketch of Lenau's life by the Editor, an Appendix of hitherto unpublished poems of Lenau.

Prof. Franz Pfeiffer, of Stuttgart, one of the most learned and industrious among the younger members of the school of Jacob Grimm, is about to publish (commencing in January next), a review entitled 'Germania: Vierterjahrs-schrift für deutsche Alterthumskunde.' It is to embrace all branches of German archeology,—including language, literature, law, life and manners, folk-lore, and Art.

Prof. Aug. Stöber, of Mülhausen (Alsatis), author of the literary monograph, 'Der Dichter Lenz und Friederike von Sessenheim,' has published a biographical sketch, 'Der Actuar Salzmann, Goethe's Freund und Fisch, genossen in Strasburg.' It is said to be full of interesting details referring to Goethe's abode at Strasburg, and to dwell minutely upon many incidents merely hinted at by Goethe in 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' so much so that it may be considered, with regard to that epoch of Goethe's life, a valuable supplement to his autobiography. Besides some unpublished letters of Goethe, it contains also letters of Lenz, L. Wagner, Michaelis, Hufeland, and others, and different communications about Werther and Lotte, from the diary of the late Rev. Jeremias Meyér.

A passage in the *Art-Gossip* in our last number [p. 1191] has reminded us of the Architectural Museum as an Exhibition, the peculiar claims of which are less generally and popularly appreciated than they deserve to be. It stands No. 3 in the collections of architectural examples available to the public. The first is Sir John Soane's Museum, where real objects are jumbled with casts and shams,—where the chief design in arrangement seems to be surprise, and where everything is literally exhibited under *couleur de safran*. The second collection is that in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where the first object is to please and the second to instruct. Restoration there rules to the fullest extent. Everything is spick and span. Gold glitters in abundance, and it is only the real working student who finds that gold and thickly applied colour do not permit the actual surface to be traced. At the same time great ingenuity and research are evident in the restorations at Sydenham, and we readily acknowledge that much benefit is to be derived from such a vast concentration of the taste and experience of others. Still, among the glitter we want to know what is real and what is conjectural. No distinction of the kind presents itself. It is in this respect that the Museum in Cannon Row is most serviceable. Here all the casts are free from colour, and represent the originals in their actual state. Thus the student is enabled to study the genuine untempered surface in its original purity. The very appearance of the place is quaint in the extreme. A long loft extending down to the river is divided into partitions, each one crammed with plaster specimens, affording a wonderful variety of surface, style, and subject, covering both wall and floor, and already proclaiming an insufficiency of space. In the present fitful light,—as it falls most favourably upon some particular fragment, we are reminded of the first wooden housing afforded to the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, and recall the fact that they have never since been seen to equal advantage.

Two new planets, belonging to the group of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, were discovered on the 5th of this month,—one of them by Dr. R. Luther, of the Observatory at Bilk, near Düsseldorf, being the fifth new planet discovered by that indefatigable astronomer,—and the other by Herr Goldschmidt, of Paris.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES
by ROGER FENTON, Esq., of the SEAT of WAR in the CRIMEA, IS NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society, 3, Pall Mall East, from 10 to 6 daily.—Admission, 1s.—Catalogues forwarded to the Country on receipt of six postage stamps.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—**THE GREAT VICTORY OF SEVASTOPOL** is now added to the DIORAMA of the "EVILS OF THE WAR." The Pictures represent the Capture of the Malakoff, Attack on the Redan, Destruction of the Shipping, Retreat of the Russians, and Burnt of Sebastopol. The Proprietors are indebted to the kindness of Mr. H. Graves for the use of Sketches by Major G. Le Marchant Tupper. The descriptive Lecture by Mr. Stoecker.—Admission, 1s., 2s. and 3s. Daily at Three and Eight.

SEVASTOPOL—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—The Attack of the Allies on the Malakoff and Redan is placed upon the Model of Sevastopol, including Inkermann, Balaklava, and Tchernaya, including the Northern Forts, the Great Harbour, Leicester Square, and the same Model of the Baltic Sea, Cuxstadt, and Swabia. Lectures every half-hour.—Admission to the whole building, 1s.; children and schools half-price. Open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC—UNCEASING NOVELTIES: Recent arrival of the BUGLE-PIPE, Esq., ENTIRELY NEW SERIES OF DISSOLVING VIEWS, by Clare, illustrating the Fashion of LADIES' HAIR DRESSES, from the time of the Conqueror to that of our Gracious Queen, with a Dissertation thereby by Dr. Trevelyan Spicer. The UNIQUE OPTICAL COLLECTION arranged in a New Room. Dobson's new INSTRUMENTS, THE GOLD-COLOURED MICROSCOPE, VISION PARIS and THAMES WATER in the MICROSCOPE. LECTURE on the Large Bar of ALUMINIUM, and the ART of POTTERY, by J. H. PEPPER, Esq. HINE'S NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, with Effects, of the ATTACK on the MALAKOFF, and the BOMBARDMENT OF SEVASTOPOL, combined with the FIREWORKS at VERSAILLES, &c. &c. Admission to the whole, 1s.; except to the Ornithological Collection, which will be 6d. extra.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Meteorological, 7.—Council.

FINE ARTS

Schnorr's Bible Pictures. English Edition, printed from the Original Wood-blocks. Part I. Williams & Norgate.

THIS number of a new religious serial contains six designs by Julius Schnorr. The religious world is really in want, we will not say of Schnorr, but cer-

tainly of some artistic exponent of their unshaped feelings and sentiments. West's works have become mere wall-coverings;—Martin is melo-dramatic, black and white, and too wildly imaginative for the prosaic mass. The English public is, moreover, somewhat tired of smooth engravings from Correggio and drawing-room representations of handsome impenitent Magdalens and glossy French Madonnas. Holy Families are a drug, and Piétas the horror of pawnbrokers.

At this emergency steps forward Julius Schnorr with his Scriptural illustrations, broad, bold, religious and original. To say that they are German is to confess that they are quaint; but quaintness has a charm, if it do not run into caricature, and Albert Dürer is not a bad master to remember even to copy.

In the first—for in a short summary we can but criticize the beauties and deficiencies of these illustrations—Adam and Eve are departing from the blooming Eden, soon to fade and pass away into a barren and thorny world. They have apparently already learnt to spin and weave, as they both wear highly civilized garments. Eve is lank and ugly—but let that pass. An angel, with a glory burning on his brow, points out their road across the desert, holding the fire-sword in his left hand. The serpent crawls threateningly at their feet. Above them fly a crowd of birds and insects, pecking, stinging, and screeching:—while thistles and brambles grow round the gate of the beautiful Garden. Adam weeps:—and Eve seems reproachfully to chide her husband for his guilt.

The second represents 'Adam and Eve after the Fall.' Adam, at least fourteen feet high, leans on his mattock, and watches Eve playing with Abel and some pet lambs. Cain offers his father an apple, as if in mockery. Thistles spring from the clods, which are watered with the sweat-drops of his brow. The animals in this sketch have much character.

The third, 'The Deluge,' with much good composition and strong imagination, is almost ludicrous. One angel sits on the Ark and points to Heaven. In the clouds, spirits empty pails of rain upon the earth. Below, on a rock surrounded by waves, crowd the last family of Titans:—a mother protecting her children like a Niobe, a supplicating father, a frightened maiden, and an imprecating grand-sire. To a bough that projects from the island clings a bear, too terrified to be fierce. Dead bodies float round in the whirlpool. The subject is almost too much for Herr Schnorr, who excels in more tranquil scenes.

The fourth is 'The Building of Babel,' and is by far the best of the series. The good and evil races are departing to people the earth, and are finely distinguished. In the one group is a bearded patriarch, with patriarchal crook—the first sceptre—leading his wife and daughter; while a boy runs by their side, holding a basket brimming with grapes and trailing vine-branches. Their faces are up-turned, calm, resigned, and full of faith. On the opposite side, a defiant huntsman drags his charger, which carries his son, bold-eyed and fierce. His proud wife, bearing a vase, looks with disdain on the keepers of flocks and herds. Above are angels blessing or cursing the families; and in the distance rises the unfinished Babel.

The fifth is 'The Birth of Christ,' and has no great originality. The Child is calm and stately—the Mother tender—the shepherds curious, eager, and adoring. On one old face there is an excellent expression of curiosity and delight; and it is something to add even the shadow of a thought to an idea already so elaborately worked out.

The sixth, 'The Burial of Christ,' has nothing new, yet is no imitation and is well composed. Our Saviour is as usual represented as effeminate as if the divinest dignity could not be blended with divine tenderness and divine forgiveness.

On the whole, Herr Schnorr's illustrations seem likely to be well received by the public, and deserve to supersede the reigning imbecilities which tend to lower the religious ideal and to materialize the religious mind, especially amongst the young and the impressionable.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DES BEAUX ARTS.

As we have already announced, one of the most striking features of the Great Exhibition is the Fine Arts portion of the show; and it is probably destined to be its most distinguishing one. Never before has the public been called upon to gaze at a collection of modern works of Art so numerous, and from such various sources:—twenty-seven different nations furnish forth the display. From Norway to Peru, Art has responded to the call; and tribute is willingly rendered by all, according to their resources,—from Mexico, which sends one work, to France, which supplies nearly three thousand. There is no phase of modern Art more remarkable than these public Exhibitions of numerous and varied productions; nothing of the kind existed in the time of the ancient masters. Whatever stimulus they may supply to modern plastic powers the older painters found without their intervention, Art in those days sufficed to herself through her own inspirations, and wanted no aid from publicity or universal suffrage; when it had satisfied itself and a few discriminating friends, it was content: it lived for itself, and pursued its quiet labours in some nook apart, where it listened to its own suggestions, undistracted by the claims of popular tastes or feelings. That such isolation and comparative obscurity were not injurious appears probable, as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the ancient masters remain the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Art to this hour.

The state of things so different at the present time must have its consequences; it cannot be doubted that these public Exhibitions produce a considerable influence on modern Art. Whether it be favourable or the contrary, we shall not now attempt to decide, nor seek to investigate how much it has substituted a commercial for an artistic interest, tending to bring many into the field who have no other vocation than gain, or how far the real artist himself may have modified his conceptions to suit their exigencies; we shall only notice one result, which sets at defiance all his prescience, and immediately concerns our actual office; and this is the great injury that the works exhibited inflict on each other, from the crowded and *pelle-mèle* arrangements inevitable in such bazaars; in fact, there is no possible position in which a picture can be placed so calculated to deteriorate its effect and to obscure its good qualities.

How fortunate it is for Music and Poetry that they cannot be thrown into this sort of confounding struggle for the laurel!—how fortunate it is for the symphony or simple ballad that it cannot be condemned to submit itself to ears tingling at the same time with a thousand conflicting tones and diapasons!—and how thrice happy is poetry and the offspring of the pen, that alone enjoy the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* interview with their admirers!

But these Art-markets are among the necessities of the day, and as such must be reckoned with. Most artists appear either well-disposed towards them, or they accept them as a matter of course; the iron of the age has seemingly "entered into their souls," and lent them its strength for all sacrifices. He who paints at the present period must do so, as it were, in the eyes of the public, which has now no time to think of what is not actually in contact with its senses; the prolonged retirement that produced the 'Madonna' of Cimabue would now lead to oblivion instead of the ovation at the Borgo Allegri. And thus we, too, must pay our tribute to these Fine Art fairs, and cry "All hail!" though with a feeling little less aversion than that of the weird sisters, at our groans of dissatisfaction show.

We are the less inclined to stifle our outcries, being especially discomfited by the particular circumstances of the present Exhibition. Can Painting and Sculpture congratulate themselves upon their actual position in the show at the Champs Elysées? They have been given a place there in the category of Industrial Art. This is an age of wondrous alliances, and perhaps the one we frown at is destined to as happy results as any other; but to us this approximation is incongruous, and we must continue to think that the Art of the Parthenon or the Vatican has little in common with that of Lyons or Manchester.

Meanwhile, pictures and statues by thousands have come along with bales of merchandise with a readiness and unexclusiveness that must edify all lovers of fraternity and equality; and we have heard of but two artists, both French painters of the highest reputation (MM. Paul Delaroche and Ary Scheffer), who have not sent any works to the present Exhibition, and, it is said, have withheld them through motives springing from feelings similar to our own. It appears that a sculptor of celebrity who sent a statue of mixed ivory and silver, in imitation of ancient Greek works, would have allowed it to stand in the "debateable land" of the *Exposition Universelle des Beaux Arts*, but withdrew it because the directors insisted upon placing it immediately among the products of the lathe and anvil.[†] These are the only protests which have reached us.

Notwithstanding the immense number of works here collected together, it must not be supposed that as a general *coup-d'œil* of the Art of the present time this Exhibition is complete; those whose productions keep within moderate dimensions are the only artists fairly represented,—while those who deal with large compositions, except a certain number among the French exhibitors, appear with diminished lustre, or are altogether absent. Mural paintings, which contain the highest flights of the pencil, are, of course, not found within these walls. In appreciating the sculpture, too, similar reservation of judgment must be made; for, although the simplicity of its group and the confined space they require in general render them more portable and easily housed, yet monumental works of the chisel are again of necessity unrepresented here. Thus, minor classes of Art gain all the ground that is lost by the higher branches, and fill a place in the public eye which must mislead if not corrected by these considerations.

Pictures have been sent from Sweden and from Turkey, — from the American Union and from Java, — from more than a score of schools, if names of countries stand for characteristic features in Art, instead of its own intrinsic elements; but if veins of thought and modes of treatment manifested in the plastic language of lines, forms, and colours be the distinguishing traits, then we shall find the classification much more limited. In fact, a general comparative examination has convinced us that there are not more than three distinct physiognomies of Art, sufficiently dissimilar to constitute well-marked schools, in the whole collection.

Those who hear of an Exhibition containing works from twenty-seven different corners of the earth, already aware of the variety in populations, expect to find pictures as strange as the peoples who furnish them,—but except those subjects where the artists have sought to produce an exact portrait of some local peculiarities of costume or manners, which of course declare the country they belong to, a Norwegian painting might hang among the Sicilian or Peruvian canvases without any eye being capable of detecting whether it was produced near Mount Hecla or Mount Vesuvius, or came from the northern or southern side of the equator.

No doubt, however, the newness of Continental Art to the English eye will appear striking enough here; the very limited series of plastic impressions our countrymen are used to leaves ample room for surprise, and it is not improbable that our reduction of all varieties to three groups will appear too restricted. Every repetition of a new trait seems a distinctive character to the inexperienced, until the novelty of the impression is worn out, and wondering ceases. Then, what is lost on the score of emotion is gained on that of accuracy; the eye becomes calmer and more experienced, and those foreign aspects which were taken for marked features are found to be common to many, and thus referable to but few categories. Here, then, we reach the position of the critic who, in his experience, like the soldier of many campaigns, feels no longer the excitement of the novice,—but, looking with calmness on these fields of contest, perceives that their hosts though

so numerous can be marshalled under but few banners.

Nor is it less favourable to just appreciation that the feelings should thus wait upon the judgment rather than press on before it; we lay claim, however, to no stoical rejection of them, for unquestionably all verdicts pronounced on human endeavour without their influence are incomplete. Every order of thought or emotion that the creating head has manifested in the work should find a sympathetic vein in the critic; the whole man must be in the judgment seat so long as his opinions deal with men; a Minos or a Rhadamanthus on this side of heaven is not possible, and would be out of place. But if experience takes somewhat from the zest of new impressions, it amply repays the loss by the distinctness and truth of vision it bestows; that eye alone seeing clearly which has already seen much, and carries behind it an arsenal of memories, materials for comparison,—and this is, in other words, experience.

Supposing, then, granted the correctness of our views,—a supposition which, we conceive, the foregoing reasons sufficiently justify,—we find in the whole collection, as has been said, but three very distinct styles of Art, or at least different enough to be classed separately: and these we would designate the French, the English, and the German schools,—but of this last consider only a portion as holding a place sufficiently apart to entitle it to a discriminative appellation. The distinctive qualities which afford the bases of this classification, as well as most other marked or varied features in Art, must be sought principally in the paintings and other Art-creations on surfaces. They are much less numerous and evident in objects of relief or sculpture; there the laws and circumscriptions imposed by the solid form, the very limited range of expression, and the absence of colour and chiaroscuro, diminish the resources for the display of variety either in composition or modes of treatment.

In fact, owing to this limitation, the elements of Sculpture have remained much the same since the Greek periods; neither the material nor the means have changed:—they are few, and this was probably one of the principal causes of its reaching so early a stage of excellence,—while the elements of Painting are infinitely more numerous, and have undergone numberless modifications, and still undergo them. For the interest of a picture may arise from a great many sources, all proper to its peculiar character of a surface image or representation; it may spring from the plastic concordance of its lines, the harmony of its colours, the power of its effect; from picturesque arrangement and dramatic expression. All these elements may be interchanged or combined as the artist feels the subject he treats; this already affords an ample domain for imaginative excursion. But further, the mere change of the mechanical means used by the painter adds numberless other sources of variety; and at times of a variety so marked and significant as to create a new and specific class of products:—to the introduction of oil alone we owe all the great schools of colour and effect, from the ancient Venetian, Lombard, Flemish, Dutch and Spanish, to the French and English of the present day.

The use of this material, at the same time that it increased the resources of Painting, gave it necessarily a greater fullness and complication of nature, and consequently the superior richness of its gifts—as in man himself amongst other animals,—augmented its powers of development and added rapidity to its progress. The increased scale of harmony in colouring and the force and extent of range in effect that it gave, were alone sufficient to change the whole aspect of Art. It conferred besides a close and pliant power of following form in its internal and minute subdivisions, which no other mode of colouring could reach; and which not only made it an able instrument in the hands of the scientific draughtsman, but gave it also a delicacy and completeness of execution for rendering the varying and subtle intricacies of the human visage, that all masters of expression have prized. As a natural consequence, then, from the time in which artists first made acquaintance with painting in oil to the present, it has gradually gained ground upon all the other modes of rendering the pictorial

[†] A place was found, after considerable delay, for this status along with the other productions of the Fine Arts in their especial lodgings.

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idea. Offering means so ample, so varied, and so practically manageable, independently of its durability, its universal adoption could not but follow.

This general use, however, of the same means, though so rich and complete, hastened to produce the widely-extended resemblances that bring the productions of so many different countries under the same head. And when to this consideration is added that of the similarity of the modes of study which have directed the artistic education of the greater number of painters who exhibit here, and the prevalence of the same traditions of Art on all sides, we shall cease to be surprised at the small number of those who escape the influence of routine, and reach the power of wielding hackneyed means in a novel manner; while, on the other hand, the frequent repetitions of the same styles and modes of treatment will appear, not only comprehensible, but inevitable. All Continental Art thus becomes reducible to two categories: the greater part of it to the French School; and the only remainder differing sufficiently from this great source to deserve mention apart, we have named the German School, —though it consists only of a limited selection of the works sent under that designation; and, in truth, we give it a special place here, more from its general reputation and its existence through the burin of the German engraver than from its very inadequate representation in this Exhibition.

France has opened these artistic lists in her capital, and has fearlessly thrown down their barriers, calling every nation to run a tilt with her in this new "field of the cloth of gold." She felt a daring and a just pride in her strength,—as well she might, for her portion of this show is not only the greatest, but is by far the most puissant revelation of plastic capacity in the whole Exhibition. This is, no doubt, an easy confession to be made by any other than a Frenchman; but what would be unbecoming in him is graceful as well as honest in one of another country, and his rival; and an Englishman is only true to his rôle when he admits the results, however distasteful, of fair play and straightforward competition.

There is no quality found amongst our countrymen to which we cling more fondly than that sort of honesty or moral courage which makes a man frankly recognize a rival's excellence or his own shortcomings; we believe that such natures have a rich futurity of worth and progress in them. Still, though our faith in Anglo-Saxon equanimity be great, as also is our resignation to the sacrifices which will be required by the confessions we must make, some fears still haunt us that our sturdy-hearted compatriots may shrink from them; and we hold with a somewhat reluctant and trembling hand the pen that is to speak our convictions. Yet we cannot but feel that our artists, at least, though of a "genus irritable" by right of profession, perceiving the justness of our conclusions, will give us their fullest support, and thank us for saying what they, above all, must have learnt every time they prolonged their walks beyond the precincts of their own gallery—that "there are more things in Art than are dreamt of in their philosophy." At any rate, sooner or later they must find it; and the sooner the better, for they are the fountains of knowledge on the subject of Art; and the higher they rise in power and comprehension, the more elevated the general taste of our country will become.

Theirs is no trifling task, for they have not only to instruct themselves, but to reclaim the great barren waste of English artistic perceptions; where for many a day to come but little echo will be found other than the whoop of some distant brother labourer. But no man can say what rich veins may respond to cultivation; the genius of ideality in the race has shown itself sublimely proportioned in poetry, science, and commercial enterprise; and often Nature is no niggard when she out-passes common measures in her gifts. Nothing has yet directly proved why Music and the Plastic Arts may not be lapsed heir-looms of the magnificence and grandeur that are evidently freehold in British Letters and Industry.

After all our gallant anticipations, nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that there is some room to doubt the aptitude for certain arts when a popu-

lation which has stood for a long period within their circle, and has not received them coldly, yet remains but scantily productive. It has always surprised us to find Music, for instance, so feebly represented by British composers, after having been so long one of our universal amusements, and its finest productions household acquaintances. But Plastic Art appears to be connected more with a general development of the faculties than Music, which evidently requires a special organization; and a more fruitful result may attend its cultivation, although the aptitude should still remain doubtful.

Turning, however, to the palpable facts here under our eyes, which have led us into this train of speculation, we are at once struck by the unequivocal testimony that is before us of a real vocation. The French contribution to this Exhibition exceeds those of the other twenty-six nations' exhibitors taken together; it amounts to nearly three thousand objects of Art:—none of them without merit,—most of them, of remarkable excellence,—and very many, productions of genius. Recollecting, then, that all their mural paintings and monumental sculpture, as well as the works of two artists of the highest reputation, are absent, it will be admitted that any estimation drawn from this collection can only be partial and incomplete; yet, taking the Exhibition as it is, no unprejudiced person can look on these walls, understand what they say, and hesitate for a moment to read the writing on them,—which plainly declare that, in Art, France is not "found wanting."

One of the most prominent features of the French contribution is the number of large canvases it contains. Among these several are of gigantic proportions, four or five of them exceeding the dimensions of the celebrated "Cena" of Paul Veronese in the Louvre. Great size, of course, is not of itself necessarily indicative of merit; but any one conversant with Art well knows that to fill these large surfaces with other than absurdities demands no inconsiderable amount of skill and knowledge. At the head of this band of gigantic paintings stands the 'Smala' of M. Horace Vernet, which has been brought from the Palace of Versailles to substantiate, as it were, his claims to a world-wide reputation. A surface of more than a thousand square feet, painted with ready imitative skill, offers an immense page of realism, astonishing and amusing us with its vigorous and life-like representations. Here we behold M. Vernet in his element; an immense and mingled crowd of men and beasts in violent commotion, with all "the pomp and circumstance of war," these he paints with wonderful mimetic truth. The French soldier and the Arab stand materially before us, and we are plainly shown how glorious murder is committed. It is evident that he was content with this result, and that he meant nothing further. Art might hover near, and suggest that she could do more than merely imitate, or satisfy the curiosity of the gaping multitude: she might hint that countless harmonic relations lay hid in the lines and colours he used with so much dexterity and so little thought, and that her plastic existence was found alone in their developments; but the painter had no ear for "the voice of the charmer."

Because of the absence of these essential characters of Art, we, while admitting the merits of this work, must add that we can only look upon it as a very clever panorama or painted bulletin, and not as a picture. If the productions of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, or any of the ancient masters are to be considered pictures, this cannot be deemed such, for among its many and great qualities it does not contain one in common with them.

Five other works fall little short of the cyclopean measures of the 'Smala.' Two are by M. Müller, and are very remarkable specimens of the dramatic style applied to subjects from modern history; a third powerful work, from the same pages, is by M. Yvon. The fourth is a very large picture by M. Gerôme, which contains an allegorical composition, intended to be symbolical of the close of Pagan civilization and the dawn of Christianity. A subject such as this is, in our mind, the best suited to great dimensions; the choice of so mag-

nificent a theme shows an elevated taste on the part of the artist; but he set himself a task for which he evidently miscalculated his strength: he not only aimed at the loftiest mystic flights, such as of old taxed all the might of the Raphaels and Michael Angelo's, but capped it with a proud addition of the highest views of modern philosophy. The boldness of the attempt to scale this Olympus of sublime pictorial allegory is surprising: the failure was inevitable. We regret it, for M. Gerôme possesses both knowledge and skill, and would succeed could he moderate his pretensions, and, trusting less to dexterity, enter more into the feeling of what he undertakes.

The well-known 'Romains de la Décadence,' by M. Couture, is the fifth of these large works: it was purchased by the French Government eight years ago, and has since formed part of the Luxembourg Gallery, from whence it was transferred to this Exhibition. As we shall have occasion to revert to this painting, we shall only note its presence here.

Although we do not contemplate placing these works, with the exception of that of M. Couture, in the foremost rank of merit, we cite them as prominent examples of a high grade of artistic study and education: they plainly are not due to the hectic sallies of individual prowess, nor to the extraordinary flights of singular ambition; what their authors intended they have evidently accomplished steadily and surely, with all the measured power of knowledge. And if they have not produced absolute *chefs-d'œuvre*, they have at least reached a degree of skill and science, such as demands intellectual capacity and power of labour and perseverance far above the common allotment, and the display of which is quite sufficient to confer a strong interest on these canvases.

Many other pictures of large dimensions might be named, as bearing palpable witness to no mean measure of gifts such as these in the hands that executed them; but we shall only mention among the numerous Anakim of the brush, Messieurs Abel de Pujol, Heim, Rouget, Vinchon, Léon Cogniet, and Court, all well known to fame, as having superadded high thought and dignity of style to manual address and science.

Next week we shall resume the subject, and consider pictures of dimensions less gigantic.

FINE-ART GOSPIR.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham have placed one of their courts at the disposal of the Arundel Society, for a display of their publications, collection of casts from ancient ivories, and tracings from Giotto's frescoes at Padua. The public will have for the first time an opportunity of seeing in one mass what the Society has accomplished, and of estimating what it is likely to do in future. The large tracings from the Arena Chapel are interesting to the subscribers, as vouchers for the accuracy of the woodcut reductions from Giotto's frescoes in course of issue. The ivory carvings form a history of Art in themselves; but something more is required to popularize Art and to give the Society a feature. They have promised an engraving from Tintoretto's magnificent Crucifixion at Venice, and why should they not produce an elaborate engraving from Michael Angelo's only unquestionable easel picture in the Tribunes at Florence—the well-known circular Holy Family, cited by Vasari, and referred to by all authors and artists as an indubitable specimen of the old Florentine's powers and peculiarities? Except in slight outline by Dupper, in Zannoni's 'Galleria di Firenze,' and in Kugler's 'Italian Painting,' this magnificent work has never been engraved. Toschi has rendered full homage to Correggio; but there still remains opportunity for an English burin to do justice and glory to Michael Angelo, where no one has hitherto dared to venture.

It is proposed to erect in Manchester, in front of the Infirmary, a bronze statue of Watt, on the corresponding pedestal to the one on which the statue of Dalton has lately been placed. The same economical plan that was adopted in the case of Dalton's statue is suggested for that of Watt. As it is supposed that it would not be possible to raise the requisite sum for an original

statue, it is intended that a copy be made of the statue of Watt in Westminster Abbey, the estimated cost of which would be 900*l.*

"It is not possible," writes a Correspondent, "to glance at the provinces of France, in ever so sketchy and superficial a manner, without taking note of the amount of architectural church-work, which is in progress everywhere. Decoration, too, seems to keep pace with reparation; and the glass-stainers and glass-painters of modern France must have 'a good time' (as the Americans say), just now, to judge from appearances. At Valence, on the Rhone, a new western town, in good Romanesque style, is in progress. A day or two after I had been admiring this, on crossing from the Rhone to the Allier, signs of activity on a more ambitious scale presented themselves. The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Moulins have enough on their hands—a stately new church (excellent in that loftiness, which we so obstinately deny to our buildings in England), is rising at the extremity of the Place d'Allier, promising to turn out a simple specimen of early Gothic. Then the completion of the Cathedral Church—as yet only a choir—has been undertaken; and the foundations of nave and transept are already laid. Nor does the latter seem to be a work of supererogation, if a traveller may judge from the crowded state of the building, as it stands, at high mass, on a Sunday. A more quaint crowd I have not often seen, by the way,—since the women of Moulins appear to take pride in wearing a bonnet more elaborate and surprising than the generality of national head-tires—a sort of curled-up gipsy-hat, having privileges and edgings of its own, not to be described by male pen, clamped fast to the wearer's head, by a substantial strap of velvet.—To return to matters of less perishable architecture, I have been anew struck in glancing at all this interesting new work, by one consequence of the pedantic humour of modern revivalism. The enchantment which many sincere persons have found in the study of detail, has led to too general disregard of proportions and principles of construction. For instance, the two modern towers of St.-Vincent's Cathedral, at Châlons-sur-Saône, though looking somewhat emaciated, are not bad of their kind. But, as if he had wished expressly to draw attention to their leanness, the architect has loaded the topmost story of both, with eight colossal figures, protruding from the piers; and as if to show that they stand there gratuitously, and without reason, he has denied them brackets sufficient to hold them up comfortably, or canopies to cover them,—though canopies are almost indispensable adjuncts to Gothic statues in the open air, when they are not used as terminals. The effect is disturbing to the eye, and the manner in which the holy persons are twisted up, in place of being ornamental, reminds me of the excrescences outside that church at Münster, in Westphalia, where the licentious rioters who followed John of Leyden were pinioned, like kite and other carrion, high up against the wall of the tower. This is only one among the many examples of ornament, by ignorance or incompleteness, converted into blemish, by which modern attempts at Gothic may be known."

Elgin Cathedral is being repaired. Some strange restorations are spoken of, which, if effected, will be worse than ruin itself.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium, at its sitting on the 1st of October inst., determined the subjects for the Prize Essays in the class of Fine Arts, to be awarded in the Session of 1856. The subjects are—1. The Origin and History of Engraving in the Low Countries in the Fifteenth Century. 2. The Influence of Municipal Corporations on the State of the Pictorial Art in the Middle Ages. 3. The Style of Architecture best adapted for Barracks, Hospitals, Schools, and Prisons. 4. The Cause of the excellent Preservation of the Works of Painters of certain Schools, and of the Decay of others, with an inquiry into the composition of Colours, Oils, and Varnishes. The prize for each of these subjects is a gold medal of the value of 600 francs. The essays are to be written in Latin, French, or Flemish, and to be sent in by the 1st of June, 1856.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mendelssohn's 'ST. PAUL' will be performed on WEDNESDAY NEXT, October 24, under the direction of MR. JOHN HULLAH.—Principal Vocalists: Madame Clara Schumann, Pauline Viardot, Mr. Henry Buckland, Mr. Windham (his first appearance in London).—Tickets, 1*l.*, 2*sh.* 6*d.* 8*d.* 1*l.* 1*sh.* 6*d.*—Commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

DRURY LANE.—'Married for Money,' produced last week, proves to be a modification of Mr. Poole's 'Wealthy Widow.' It furnishes, however, more opportunity for sustained acting than generally fails to the lot of Mr. Charles Mathews. He has to support a character through varied developments, and bring it to an effective climax in the third act. It is not a light, trifling part which may be walked or fluttered through, but an elaborated conception that requires distinct embodiment and a decided personality. It makes demand on sterner qualities than this light performer has been accustomed to exhibit;—an increased responsibility which is due to his migration from a mere *vaudeville* establishment to a theatre in which the drama in its general departments must be regarded. With all his excellence, we look on Mr. Mathews as now only beginning his real dramatic experience, and believe that the change in his position will greatly improve him as an artist. He has left the by-ways of his profession, and finds himself on the highway and "the ancient way," and must forthwith prepare to compete with old recollections and modern excellence, on a wide stage, where all have an equal right with himself. The result will necessarily be immensely advantageous to him, though it will probably try his temper and involve him in more labour than he has yet encountered.

Mr. Mathews performed the part of *Mr. Mopus*, the husband of the wealthy widow; and commenced the play with soliloquy, in which he covertly alluded to his change of position, and congratulated himself on being at last established as a resident in so magnificent a dwelling. It is to be hoped that the lessee will treat him better than the "wealthy widow," who regarded the man she had wedded as one whose services she had purchased and might tyrannically command. The situation of poor Mopus was very cleverly marked by trivial, but effective, traits. As his difficulties increased, the power of resistance became excited, and his freedom was the natural result. When at last arrested for a debt, which his wife had refused to discharge, the eyes of both are opened; she relents, and relieves him from the sponging-house, and he, under the influence of champagne, recovers his independence as a man, and asserts his authority as a husband. Inebriety, in its gentlemanly type, was never more delicately, and yet powerfully represented, than by Mr. Mathews. He put us in mind of Charles Kemble's *Cassio*, and came very nigh to the standard that it suggested. This little comedy proved thoroughly successful; and, being played before 'Nitocris,' will serve to bolster up that unfortunate spectacle.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre has been more than ordinarily successful with a little drama taken from the French of 'La Joueuse de la Maison,' under the title of 'The Little Treasure.' It is in two acts, and ascribed to Mr. A. Harris. The piece has been evidently produced for the purpose of fitting Miss Blanche Fane with a new character, and serves that end with the utmost completeness. *Gertrude Howard* (such is the heroine's name) finds herself in an anomalous position, with a mother and grandmother residing in the country, and a father said to be in Italy. Her parents have been separated for twelve years, and her father meanwhile has been living the life of a gay bachelor in May Fair. The arrival of cousin, *Captain Walter Maydenblush* (Mr. Buckstone), serves happily to break up this objectionable state of affairs. Naturally shy, he easily becomes the instrument of Gertrude's purposes, and agrees to propose to marry her in order to render it needful that the father and mother should meet to give their consent. *Mrs. Meddleton*, the grandmother, (*Mrs. Poynter*), who was the original cause of separation, almost prevents this desirable consummation; but Gertrude contrives to wheedle her into acqui-

sence. The fond and clever girl also obtains an interview with her father, whom she surprises among his "fast" friends. The situation is interesting, and pathetically treated. *Sir Charles Howard*, the father, is played with feeling by Mr. Howe; and *Lady Howard*, the mother, with grace and sweetness by Miss Swanborough. Their reconciliation is at last accomplished. Miss Fane acted the part with propriety and aptitude.

STANDARD.—The tragedy of 'Gysippus' was revived on Monday;—the hero being performed by Mr. Anderson. This play consists almost of pure poetry;—yet was listened to with edifying attention by a crowded audience.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—At the late annual session of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*,—at which reports are read or speeches are made, and prizes are distributed, and prize-music is performed, and an oration, on some subject connected with Art, is pronounced,—the *Cantata* executed was a new 'Acis and Galatea,'—the music by M. Conte, the words by M. Locle,—and (so far as an extract enables us to judge) nothing more nor less than a free version of Gay's pastoral. M. Halévy read a paper on Onslow, the English-Auvergnat composer,—agreeably oking out the slenderness of his subject by anecdotes and speculations concerning chamber-music, especially in regard to the piano-forte.

The Parisian journals are making merry over the fact (if fact it be), that, in compliance with *Mdlle. Rachel's express request!* the terms of *Mdlle. Rachel's* performance, in America, have been made easier to the American public than they were on her arrival. From this, it would seem as if the muse of Israel was not flourishing as an attraction in the States.

With reference to the rumour mentioned in our last number [p. 1193] that Mr. Charles Kean is preparing a Greek play, and the suggestion that he should bestow special care upon the architecture, and not permit the surfaces to be plastered with opaque colour, a Correspondent writes to us as follows:—

The Egyptians did what they could to hide a dark red stone, and, therefore, used coats of opaque colour. In the temples of Pestum and Sicily, also, the naturally rough material required to be thickly plastered over before a tolerable surface could be obtained. There is little fear, we apprehend, of the painted Parthenon frieze at Sydenham serving for more than a warning. In all respects, our present public is quite antiquarian enough to receive an experiment of a classic tone. The recent additions to the British Museum, and that of Berlin, in almost countless painted Greek vases, have raised the veil so long hung before us. In them we behold the Grecian domestic life in every possible detail. The publications of Gerhard Becker and Panofka have collected and classified these materials so thoroughly that they have become perfectly available, and the costumer and property-man will have little chance of excuse for making any omissions or committing inaccuracy. John Kemble and Macready did not think of accounting to the public for each particular portion of their get-up; but Mr. Charles Kean, at the same time that he justifies himself, renders a service to the uninformed, by telling them of the existence of works, by way of authority, which may be consulted in our public library for purposes either of amusement or instruction. But for the Greek humanity, what will be done with that? It is easy to exhibit the wildnesses of the Celtic race and the singular forms of the Oriental, as well as the barons of our feudal times; but the Greeks were not mere men. They were, and still remain, the most beautiful examples of the development of the human form ever seen in the world, and this human form is one of the most prominently conspicuous features of ancient Greek social life. It was constantly presented to the eye. Clothes and colour may conceal, but cannot contribute to these qualities. We may anticipate pleasure and benefit from a museum of patterns and utensils reproduced with minute fidelity; but their application and relation to each other is a nicer and more delicate subject than the manager has hitherto undertaken. Without refined gold, we must be content with gilding.

The death of Herr Keller,—one of the slight German composers, whose works, during the last half-century, have been popular with those for whom Beethoven is too deep and Mendelssohn too dry,—is announced in the foreign papers.

We entirely concur with the writer of the following letter, and shall be happy if her efforts are successful in bringing good out of evil. The ladies have the remedy principally in their own hands. They may be sure, in such a case, of being supported by public opinion:—

A recent case of assault and battery suggests some observations on the subject of theatrical proprieties. As long as

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managers go on permitting these proprieties to be outraged almost as a matter of course, so long will the actress be rated more as the follower of an equivocal calling, wherein respectability is rare and exceptional, than as the member of an honourable and honoured profession. The practice of allowing any portion of the theatre behind the curtain to be occupied by men about town, who are neither connected with the immediate business of the stage nor profess to be interested in the progress of dramatic literature and art, cannot be too strongly deprecated, and is most distasteful and abhorrent to the feelings of the right-minded and respectable actress and singer. Credit me, sir, we public performers have distractions enough to withdraw our attention from the laborious duties we have undertaken, and ought to be no more liable to these unseemly interruptions than people engaged in any other business or vocation. We do not hear of a tribe of idle *flaneurs* besetting the office of the solicitor or the consulting-room of the physician, nor offering to attend the clergyman in his visits to the needy, the sick, and the sorrowful; and why should we, who can quite as well dispense with the attendance of such hangers-on, be constantly subjected, during our *business hours*, to the annoyance of their listless gazing, or their still more obtrusive impertinences? The saloons and lobbies of our best-conducted theatres have long been cleared of the shameless groups which formerly thronged them. It is high time that the green-room and the side-scenes should undergo a similar purgation; and, if every individual member of a theatrical company cannot be considered all that is to be wished, the boards, at any rate, should cease to be looked upon as the established chapel-of-ease to the club and the mess-room, and a convenient resort for the purposes of gossip, time-killing and assignation.—I am, &c.,
AN ACTRESS
WHO VALUES HER CHARACTER AND SELF-RESPECT.

The Spener'sche Zeitung contains an interesting article on the statistics of the Italian stage, according to which the total number of Italian theatres amounts to 117. Of these, 95 are in Italy (viz., in Lombardy, 28 in 20 towns; in Sardinia, 20 in 17 towns; in Naples and Sicily, 9 in 6 towns; in the Papal States, 16 in 11 towns; in Tuscany, 16 in 8 towns; in Lucca, 1; in Parma, 2; in Modena, 2; in Corsica, 1), and the remaining 22 are scattered over the globe. Of these latter we find 6 in Spain and Portugal (at Madrid alone there are three), 6 in Greece, Turkey, and the Ionian Islands, 3 in Russia, 1 in England (London), 1 in France (Paris), 1 in Denmark (Copenhagen), 1 in Holland (Amsterdam), 1 in Germany (Vienna), 1 in Africa (Algiers), 1 in America (Rio Janeiro). It needs scarcely to be mentioned that by far the greatest part of these theatres are exclusively dedicated to operatic performances.

MISCELLANEA

Lines by the Author of 'The Seasons.'—On the fly-leaf of a copy of the octavo edition of Thomson's 'Seasons, &c.', London, 1730—which fell into my hands some years ago, but which I failed to keep—I found, and have still preserved, the following verses in a handwriting seemingly that of Thomson's period, and with his signature affixed; but having no autograph of the poet wherewith to compare it, I cannot of course feel assured as to the inscription being his. The verses are as follows:—

To Miss Young, my dearest Amanda.
Accept, lov'd Young! this tribute due
To tender Friendship, Love, and you;
But with it take what breath'd the whole,
O take to Thine the Poet's Soul!
If Fancy here her Power displays,
And if a Heart exalts these lays;
You fairest that Fancy shines,
And all that heart is fondly thine.

JAMES THOMSON.

—Certainly these verses do run as if they were Thomson's. I have seen them in no edition of his works, nor are they worth much in themselves, except in so far as everything of his is matter of interest. I send them, therefore, and this, to you.—It may be worth while to add, that the volume in which I found these verses had belonged to an old Scotch gentleman, Arch. Hamilton, Esq., of Cumberland Street, Portman Square, who died in 1830, aged ninety-two; and who had been in his youth much in the literary society of London,—which makes it more likely that the verses and the handwriting are those of Thomson.

Yours, &c., R. A. SCOTT.

Leasingham, near Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

Recovery of Waste Places.—The National Schoolroom at Saffron Walden has been opened for gratuitous evening instruction during the winter months for the lads employed in agricultural labour. Upwards of one hundred boys have already

registered themselves as scholars. Is not this an example which might be extensively followed?

Waikna.—54, Acacia-road, St. John's Wood, October 15, 1853.—In your review, in the *Athenæum* of the 13th inst., of Mr. S. A. Bard's 'Waikna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore,' you speak in terms of high commendation of his work,—praise which I am willing to believe is borne out by its general character. There is, however, one "romantic incident" cited by you which, I think, you will agree with me is scarcely deserving of approving comment, on the score—at least—of originality, unless indeed the author be excused by that *deus ex machina* "a remarkable coincidence." In a tale written by me about two years ago, published at that time in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and republished last May in "Stories from a Screen," there is an incident which so closely resembles Mr. Bard's interview with "the young Pythons of the ancient Indian nation" that I am tempted to believe the American gentleman must have done me the honour, not only of reading my story ("Beware of the Chocolate of Chiapa"), but of remembering one part of it so well as to fancy it worthy of being adapted to his narrative, without much regard to the truth of what he was relating. You shall judge for yourself, by comparing the enclosed extract with the passage which you have quoted (*ante*, p. 1177, cols. 1 and 2). I do not know whether Mr. Bard travelled in Central America, but for myself I can say that,—except the historical fact upon which my story is founded, (which may be read in chapter xvi. Part I. Vol. I. of the Travels of Thomas Gage in New Spain, &c., French edition, Amsterdam, 1720,) and local descriptions derived from Dampier,—the scene in the hut, which is so nearly reproduced in his paper, is entirely of my own invention. Whether it be allowable or not to interweave alleged personal adventure with prepared fiction is a question which I leave you to decide.—I have, &c., Sir,

DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Extract from 'Beware of the Chocolate of Chiapa.' (Dona Magdalena, the heroine, travels through a dangerous forest to obtain poison from a noted witch).—"The way was difficult and their advance necessarily slow, for Dalva proceeded with great caution, influenced as much by the locality as by what he dreaded to discover. It grew darker and darker as they advanced, until it became absolutely necessary to light the lanterns, which were suspended from the litter, or there would have been the risk of oversetting it at every step. * * At the expiration of an hour's march they drew near their destination. ** This fact Dalva communicated in a whisper to the lady. ** A few hundred yards brought them in front of a lofty rock, to which Dalva silently pointed, intimating that there stood the dwelling of Martha Carillo. Had there been any doubt of the fact, it would at once have been dissipated by the harsh voice of the old woman herself, who suddenly stood in the path. 'Not a step nearer,' she cried, 'till your purpose is declared,—there will be danger else.' A deep growl, as if of some animal at her side, ready to spring at her command, showed that her speech was sooth. Miguel Dalva shrunk back afraid, but the lady made answer undismayed—"It is not here," she said, 'that I pause. Martha Carillo, I have sought you where none else dare to come. I must speak with you alone.' There was something in the lady's tone that satisfied the old woman of the quality and character of her visitor. 'Down, Réjo,—and home! Señora, come with me; your people can rest beneath that rock.' Noisily, but visible in the ray from one of the lanterns, a dark creature stole away in the direction of the hut, and Martha Carillo and the lady followed." Further on:—"The beast Réjo,—a kind of tiger, or rather leopard, lay crouched beneath a table."

Panama Railroad.—Recent letters from America seem to show that the success of this railroad, which we spoke of in our last number [p. 1179] as certain but distant, is advancing more rapidly than we anticipated. Two years ago the number of packages was less than 200 each trip of the West India Royal Mail Packets and the Pacific Steam Navigation, now it is said to be six or seven hundred; and if the packages were estimated by the size of those sent at first, the number would reach a thousand,—a quintuple increase.

Another Surveying Expedition.—The United States Surveying Expedition, under charge of Lieut. Williamson, accompanied by an escort of about 125 soldiers, under command of Lieuts. Gibson and Hood, left Fort Reading on the 26th of July for the foot-hill of the Sierra Nevada, directly east of Shasta. The object of this expedition is to discover, by actual and careful survey, the existence of a practicable route for a railroad between the Columbia River and the Sacramento Valley. It is thought the party will be out about four months. The whole expedition numbers very nearly 200 men.

Newspapers in the World.—The following is supposed to be the number of newspapers in the world:—10 in Austria, 14 in Africa, 24 in Spain, 26 in Portugal, 30 in Asia, 65 in Belgium, 85 in Denmark, 50 in Russia and Poland, 350 in other Germanic States, 500 in Great Britain and Ireland; and 2,000 in the United States, or nearly twice as many as in all other nations.—*American Publishers' Circular.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A Pagan—Niger—M. H.—J. L.—M. C.—A. R.—received.

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